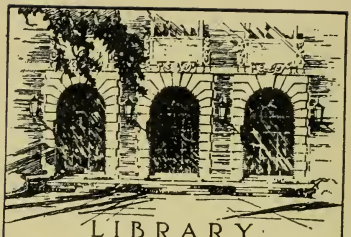

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THE

MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

" To blend instructive Truths with fiction, ought to be the endea-
" vor of those who write for the amusement of youth.
" To entice the opening mind to be in love with Rectitude, it is
" proper to exhibit it in the robe of pleasantry."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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THE

MICROCOSM.

CHAPTER LX.

Mr. Clifford.

AS the character of our new friend may be collected from what has been already ſaid of him, we will ſimply ſum up our evidence by obſerving that, with one of the beſt underſtandings, he had all the good qualities of the human heart. Every one allowed his perſon to be genteel and his manners pleaſing. His hair and his eyes were dark, and his face by the generality of women was thought handſome. The livelineſs of youth appeared in

all his actions, but his diſpoſition was rather more ſerious than that of Henry Seymour. Friendſhip, for which his ſoul was formed, was at that time his ruling paſſion, as love had never yet diſturbed his tranquillity.

CHAP. LXI.

An Apology for the Chriſtianity of our Favorites.

THE miſſes of the preſent day will not think our pair of friends the more accompliſhed for being Chriſtians, and for having real ſentiments of Piety in their boſoms: for "Oh hideous!" will the celebrated Janette cry—"What can be ex-"pected from two young men who are "ſlaves to the ridiculous prejudices of edu-"cation! What can *they* do worth record-"ing! How is it poſſible for any of their "actions

" actions to entertain the imagination of a " woman of ſpirit!"

This young lady, for we are perfectly acquainted with her, will not find any amuſement from the relation of events within the bounds of nature. Nothing but what is monſtrous or impoſſible can ſecure her approbation. She will not, upon any account, allow either her hero or heroine to be degraded by any ſpecies of religion; ſcarcely of morality: we therefore diſclaim all intention of pleaſing her or any of her ſiſterhood. It is to the wiſe and good, or to thoſe who are deſirous of being ſo, that we addreſs ourſelves; and of their corrections we ſhall be greatly more proud than of the favor of ſuch as Janette.

That both Mr. Clifford and Seymour thought for themſelves, and thought freely, we will not deny, and probably a century back, the latitude of their ſentiments might have been deemed reprehenſible by thoſe who inſiſted upon forms, more perhaps than upon what is now allowed to be of

higher conſequence—*internal rectitude in a ſimpler attire.* The Chriſtian religion will ſtand the teſt of the ſtricteſt enquiry. To make its beauty conſpicuous, it muſt be ſtripped of its ornaments, which, like other ornaments, may dazzle weak eyes and raiſe admiration, but will never create pure and unalloyed affection. To the goſpel code, all moral philoſophers are indebted for their brighteſt precepts, though they may ſometimes be ignorant of its benefactions, and may aſcribe to the light of nature and the aid of reaſon what is juſtly attributable to the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity alone. For what duty can be inculcated which the goſpel does not teach! What obligation of amity enforced that it does not enjoin! The community at large—private friendſhip—nay even the higheſt ſelf-intereſt is promoted by its precepts. If happineſs [as it ſurely is] be the one great terminating proſpect of our exiſtence, what more can man deſire than the moſt unerring directions to compaſs the point in view! If

the

the religion of Chriſtianity was inſtituted by impoſtors, they were glorious ones, and the illiterate men, who ſo well underſtood the intereſt of mankind, wiſer than all their predeceſſors, or than thoſe who have ſucceeded them; and far wiſer than all thoſe who, under pretence of raiſing ſtill higher the beautiful, but ſimple ſuperſtructure, would ſhake its foundation, were it not fixed upon an immovable Rock.

CHAP. LXII.

Several new Acquaintance.

THE ſentiments of Seymour and Clifford were ſo conſonant, and their minds ſo congenial, that there aroſe between them the moſt unlimited confidence, and each told the other every paſt circumſtance of his life. Clifford therefore was perfectly acquainted with Miſs Montague,

and endeavored to conſole his friend under the ſeverity of his affliction, which, lively as he naturally was, and gay as he endeavored to appear, time ſeemed rather to increaſe than to leſſen.

Miſs Everſham was a young lady of the moſt gentle, delicate and timid diſpoſition: her perſon expreſſive of the tenderneſs of her mind; her underſtanding good and her manners pleaſing. With a heart unpreposſeſſed, and more than commonly ſuſceptible, it will readily be conjectured that Henry Seymour was not long in her eyes an object of indifference, as attracted by her amiable qualities, he treated her with peculiar attention and reſpect. Mr. Clifford was pleaſed with obſerving their mutual eſteem, as he hoped that his friend would, in ſome degree, loſe the remembrance of Miſs Montague: even Mr. Barker preſaged ſome benefit to his pupil from the ſame cauſe, and often dwelt on Miſs Everſham's perfections: but they were miſtaken in their conjectures—Seymour's heart could not

not admit any other image than that of Harriet, whom he ſtill ſaw in her native beauty; and his acquaintance with the ladies at Mr. Everſham's had not any other effect than that of amuſing him for the moment, and of leading him to compare in his hours of retirement, their attractions, with the far more powerful ones of Miſs Montague.

While Miſs Everſham almoſt unconſciouſly ſighed in ſecret for Henry Seymour, Lady Jane Sommerton was induſtrious to let it appear that ſhe likewiſe had conceived an attachment for the ſame accompliſhed object, and having obſerved her couſin's prepoſſeſſion (which indeed, in ſome degree, gave riſe to her own determined partiality) ſhe took pains to intimate to the gentle Olivia her own expectations of an early avowal of his affection, and that therefore *ſhe* would do wiſely to ſuppreſs all appearance of her viſible predilection. The amiable girl was extremely pained at the

want of generoſity in her couſin's behavior, of which ſhe was prudent enough however not to take any notice, only calmly replying that ſhe ſhould be ſorry to encourage any propenſities which would either render herſelf ridiculous or interrupt the happineſs of others.

The perſon of Lady Jane Sommerton had many advantages; particularly in the eyes of the gay and faſhionable part of mankind. She was a ſmall woman, with a face rather handſome than otherwiſe. Her eye was dark, quick and intelligent, and the bloom of health glowed upon her cheeks. The conſequence which, in her own opinion, ſhe derived from her birth, fortune and accompliſhments, led her to believe that every mark of her favor would be received with gladneſs by him to whom it ſhould be directed, and being piqued at the diſtinguiſhed politeneſs ſhown by Mr. Seymour to her conſin Olivia, whom ſhe deemed every way her inferior, ſhe determined to draw his attention to herſelf, which ſhe

doubted

doubted not of being able to do upon permitting her approbation of him to appear.

Mrs. Highman had a peculiar affection for her niece of quality. Not becauſe ſhe had a greater opinion of her merits but becauſe ſhe was the daughter of an Earl—a circumſtance which in her eſtimation, outweighed every other advantage. This lady was the eldeſt of the three ſiſters; had in her youth received ſeveral good offers, and was on the point of marriage with a very worthy gentleman, when Lord Broomley appeared at her father's. A title inſtantly abſorbed all her ideas; ſhe abruptly diſmiſſed her admirer, and never after would liſten to any propoſal which did not afford a hope of her being addreſſed by the ſweetly-ſounding appellation of "*your ladyſhip.*" "Who is he?" "Of what family?" "What connexions?"—were her firſt inquiries of every man, after the period of her ſiſter's appearing as a counteſs, who ſolicited her father's approbation. Mrs. Everſham (married about a year before)

was now an object of her contempt. "My "plebeian ſiſter" was the appellation which ſhe generally beſtowed upon her, though ſhe had formerly been her favorite, and after the death of their father had reſided with her. This gentlewoman, now conſiderably advanced in life, had not originally a contemptible underſtanding; nor was ſhe naturally of a bad diſpoſition; but the witchcraft of quality had bewildered her ideas, and ſhe had no value for anything more eſtimable. The title of a *ſaint* would have ſunk to nothing, when put in competion with terreſtrial honors. As Mrs. Eleanor Highman was miſtreſs of a large fortune, and not diſagreeable in her appearance, ſhe was an object of attention to many gentlemen who wiſhed to marry what is called advantageouſly. She had conſequently ſeveral opportunities of entering into the conjugal ſtate, but none that flattered her hopes of receiving the varniſh of quality. Indeed juſt before her arrival at Cambridge, Sir Samuel Boyden a City Knight,

Knight, not ſo rich as City Knights are in general, had been recommended to her acceptance by a gentleman who was well acquainted with her foible: and though Sir Samuel was the father of five daughters by a former wife, Mrs. Eleanor had very nearly cloſed with his propoſal under the perſuaſion of his being a baronet; for as ſhe advanced in years, ſhe abated in the degree of dignity upon which ſhe had formerly inſiſted; but no ſooner did ſhe know that his title was not hereditary than ſhe broke the treaty, being determined never to bring into exiſtence a ſon and heir who, probably would all his life be doomed to the ignominy of plebeianiſm.

This objection created ſome ſurpriſe in Sir Samuel, who was impolitic enough to hint his ideas upon the circumſtance, which ſo highly offended the fair one, to whom the intimated conſideration ſeemed new and wonderful, that ſhe immediately prohibited the Knight's future appearance in her preſence.

CHAP. LXIII.

A Treaty of Marriage in the Quality Style.

TO Mrs. Eleanor Highman, Lady Jane Sommerton unfolded the wiſhes of her heart, reſpecting the invincible Henry. To her ſhe expreſſed her reſentment at the inſolence of Miſs Everſham in preſuming to ſtand firſt in Seymour's eſteem; relating a diſpute with Eliza on the preference which ſhe had ſaid he evidently gave to her ſiſter's company and converſation. Mrs. Highman, notwithſtanding her predilection for quality, readily fell in with the views of her favorite niece, from the conſideration that the noble origin of the young lady would always ſecure her a little of diſtinction, and that it was moſt likely the gentleman would eaſily be induced to purchaſe a coronet for the aggrandizment of his future family, the elder branch of which ſhe had been informed was already dignified

fied by hereditary honors; if the alliance therefore would not augment, it would not in her opinion derogate her original conſequence.

Matters once agreed upon, Mrs. Eleanor determined to enter upon the buſineſs with expedition; aſſuring her favorite, that Olivia muſt ſoon drop her pretenſions, as it could not be doubted but Mr. Seymour would readily embrace the propoſals which, in as delicate a manner as poſſible, ſhe meant to offer to his conſideration.

Mrs. Eleanor was not without affection for either Miſs Everſham or Eliza, though the quality of Lady Jane gave her ſo great a preference in the good ſpinſter's opinion, that ſhe thought it preſumptuous in them to pretend, in any degree to vie with their right honorable couſin. Her peculiarities were not unnoticed by Mr. Everſham, who was ſometimes hurt at the diſtinction ſhe made between her nieces, but as he was an eaſy, quiet man, and as ſhe had a large independent fortune, he did not chuſe to diſpute

diſpute with her on that, or on any other ſubject. Notwithſtanding her partiality to Lady Jane Sommerton, ſhe had frequently declared that if ſhe died unmarried or without children, ſhe would equally divide her property between the daughters of her two deceaſed ſiſters, and Mr. Everſham therefore tacitly ſubmitted to her deciſion in almoſt everything relative to the management of his domeſtic concerns.

Mrs. Highman's firſt addreſs to Mr. Seymour, reſpecting a marriage with Lady Jane, was couched in ſuch terms as are uſed in treaties of the ſame kind between the illuſtrious houſes of Hanover and Orange. She loved the pomp of royalty, and affecting its language, without preparation, demanded the hand of Mr. Seymour for Lady Jane Sommerton; pointing out the advantages which would reſult from ſuch an union.

The aſtoniſhment into which our hero was thrown by this proceeding of the dame's, was conſiderable, but his quickneſs

of

of recollection and innate politeneſs prevented its appearing ſo evident as to offend. She perceived however his embarraſſment and expreſſed her wonder at his heſitation. On this the truly noble youth, after thanking her for the honor which ſhe intended him, candidly confeſſed that his affection was too much engaged to permit him to profit by her very obliging opinion of him, which he aſſured her he ſhould ever remember with the higheſt gratitude.

"Gratitude! Sir," exclaimed ſhe. "What is gratitude! gratitude is not the "only return I demand: my treaty is of "a kind that aſks a different anſwer. "Lady Jane Sommerton, daughter and ſole "heireſs to John William, Earl of Broomley, "Viſcount Tattisford, Baron Ballinore; "and of Dorothea Margaretta his wife, "conſents to ſink the name, though ſhe "will retain the title, of her family, and to "quarter the arms of the houſe of Som-"merton with thoſe of Seymour. You, "likewiſe, are of right noble extraction, or

"this

" this embaſſage had not found a nego-
" ciatrix in me, but you have no proſpect
" of a title except from purchaſe, therefore
" as you cannot *make* your conſort a Lady,
" it would, I ſhould think, be matter of the
" higheſt gratification to you to marry one
" that both by blood and birth is a Lady
" already. You would not, ſure, conta-
" minate your hereditary glories by mixing
" with mere plebcianiſm."

Thus ran ſhe on unceaſingly and thus might ſhe have continued to run on without interruption for a much longer period, for Seymour ſat fixed in a profound reverie. The ſounds, indeed, of Mrs. Highman's voice vibrated upon his ears, but to the ſenſe of her laſt long harangue he was an utter ſtranger. Harriet Montague occupaid all his ideas. The recollection of her numberleſs perfections filled his mind, and he only thought of Lady Jane Sommerton to exalt his loſt charmer by the compariſon.

When Mrs. Eleanor ceaſed ſpeaking,

the

the ſudden ſilence occaſioned Mr. Seymour to ſtart. Inſtantly ſenſible of his unpolite inattention to the lady, he endeavored to collect himſelf, but it was not without conſiderable embarraſſment that he repeated his ſenſe of the great honor, and the prior engagement of his affection, which rendered it impoſſible for him to accept the propoſal without doing the greateſt injuſtice to the merits of Lady Jane Sommerton.

"You will then oblige me Sir," ſaid Mrs. Eleanor, "to notice what I wiſhed to "paſs over!"—"Prior engagement of your "affection!" "Yes, I pretty well know "the object of your predilection, but can- "not ſuppoſe you to be ſo weak as to ſet "the daughter of a plebeian in competition "with the heireſs of the Earl of Broomley. "To be plain with you, Mr. Seymour, I "mentioned the matter yeſterday to Olivia, "who did not deny what I advanced."

At that inſtant the rattling of a carriage and a loud rap at the door of the hall, ar-

reſted

reſted the attention of Mrs. Highman, who inſtantly ſtept to a looking-glaſs and adjuſted her dreſs upon an expectation of viſiters of quality, but ſhe was diſappointed by the entrance of three young ladies who aſſumed airs of conſequence becauſe their name was ſpelled like that of a noble family to which they were not in any degree related. Mrs. Highman termed them plebeians and "wondered"—to uſe her own words—"what the tawdry huſſies meant "by endeavoring to ſqueeze themſelves "amongſt people of diſtinction, who only "laughed at their pretenſions."

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIV.

A candid Acknowledgment miſconſtrued.

MR. Seymour being releaſed from his ſituation by the arrival of the viſitants mentioned in the laſt chapter, to whom Mrs. Highman did not chuſe to ſummon any of her nieces, walked, with a ſpirit much perturbed, into Mr. Everſham's garden, to which, from his intimacy with the family he always had free acceſs. For a conſiderable period he ſat revolving in his mind the circumſtances which oppreſſed him. Lady Jane Sommerton, an admired young woman of quality with a very large fortune, was offered, doubtleſs with her own approbation, to his acceptance; her partiality, of courſe, might be preſumed upon. What *could* he—what *ought* he to do in ſuch a predicament?—was his queſtion to himſelf.

ſelf. Accept Mrs. Highman's propoſal, and marry Lady Jane?

Forbid it honor! Forbid it rectitude! —he replied; ſcarce ſenſible that love, unconquered love gave a ſtronger prohibition than either. Harriet Montague reigned unrivalled in his ſoul. Every other woman ſuffered in a compariſon with that his only charmer. He indulged the reverie which preſented her in all her beauties, and ſaw truth and affection beam from every lovely feature.

It was now impoſſible to think of Lady Jane Sommerton as his partner in domeſtic life. He aroſe, and with firm ſteps traverſed the garden, almoſt forgetting that his Harriet had renounced him. At length recollecting Mrs. Highman had intimated her having mentioned to Miſs Everſham, the ſubject of his attachment, the knowledge of which he imagined ſhe might have gathered from one of the Percivals, he determined to ſpeak to her upon the circumſtance, little ſuſpecting that ſhe herſelf was

the

the ſuppoſed object of his predilection, and that it was under ſuch a perſuaſion the good lady had, the day before, been talking to her niece, who was too ſuddenly and ſternly accuſed of her partiality for Mr. Seymour to deny it. Her aunt, indeed, without any preface, gave her to underſtand ſhe muſt reſign her pretenſions to her couſin Lady Jane; reſpecting whom, ſhe intended to make propoſals to the young gentleman.

The amiable Olivia was nearly ſinking to the ground upon this information. Till this moment, ſhe was not conſcious how entwined Henry Seymour was with her happineſs, nor had ſhe laid any claim to his favor or preſumed upon his profeſſed friendſhip; but the mandate of her aunt pierced to her heart, and ſhe felt inexpreſſible affliction at the idea of giving up a man for whom, half an hour before, ſhe was ſcarcely conſcious of entertaining any ſentiment but eſteem.

As Mrs. Highman left Miſs Everſham, her ſiſter entered the room, upon which ſhe caught

caught hold of her arm, leaned upon her ſhoulder and burſt into tears.

Eliza, who was a lively girl; of a tender diſpoſition and had a ſincere affection for Olivia, was greatly penetrated by her diſtreſs, and haſtily demanded the occaſion: but the afflicted fair could not readily give any anſwer to the queſtion. She could only, with a ſighing exclamation, mention the name of Lady Jane, upon which Eliza caught her meaning, and endeavored to ſoothe her ſiſter into a belief that an union with their couſin could never meet Mr. Seymour's approbation, his diſpoſition being diametrically oppoſite to her; and ſhe was aſſured he never would barter conjugal happineſs for either riches or honor, as he had a ſufficiency of both in himſelf.

Miſs Everſham wiſhed to be convinced by her ſiſter's argument, but could not remove the weight which oppreſſed her ſpirits. The remainder of the day ſhe paſſed in her chamber, and ſaw nothing of Mr. Seymour till the next morning, when he breakfaſted

at

at Mr. Everſham's, and was, afterwards, detained by Mrs. Eleanor Highman, as has been related.

CHAP. LXV.

New Perplexity, and the Efforts of Heroiſm.

MR. Seymour walked out of the garden where we left him a page or two back, with a reſolution to requeſt an audience of Miſs Everſham, who received his meſſage with a quick beating heart, half perſuading herſelf that he intended to ſpeak in a language more congenial to her own ſentiments than that of the eſteem which he had hitherto profeſſed.

Hapleſs Olivia! Thy diſappointment was indeed a bitter one! When a pure and tender mind has ſuffered itſelf to be invaded by a youth worthy of its affection, what can exceed the diſtreſs of being told by

by the beloved object himself that he is devoted to another—of being made the confident of an attachment which destroys every hope of its own happiness ! ! !

When Seymour first entered Miss Eversham's apartment, he began the conversation by telling her that Mrs. Highman had informed him of her having mentioned the subject upon which he had requested permission to speak in private.

This address confirmed to the blushing, trembling Olivia that her conjectures were not ill founded, which so much agitated her that she was unable to make a distinct reply.

" Sir—Sir—If you please"—were the only words she could pronounce.

Seymour was in some degree surprised at her embarrassment, but as he himself was under considerable perplexity, he noticed it not so much as he otherwise would have done, and proceeded with acknowledging that the unabated strength of his attachment to the remembrance of Miss Montague,

with

with which circumſtance he found that ſhe was acquainted, muſt in juſtice prevent his ſoliciting the favor of any other woman; that therefore he requeſted her to repreſent to Mrs. Highman, who he apprehended was offended with him, the ingratitude he muſt be guilty of to accept the honor—

Lifting at this moment his eyes, which before were rather caſt down, to the face of Olivia, he perceived it overſpread with a death-like paleneſs, and upon his looking ſurpriſed and alarmed, ſhe fell back in her chair and was ſinking to the ground, when he ſprang forward and caught her in his arms, at which inſtant the door of the apartment was opened, and Mrs. Highman appeared.

" So, ſo Miſs! you are acting a fine tender farce I perceive"—was the aunt's exclamation upon ſeeing her fainting niece ſupported by her ſuppoſed lover. " But I " adviſe you to be careful how you proceed. " Remember I have not yet made my laſt " will and teſtament. As for you Sir!—If

" you are ſo grovelling as to prefer a daugh-
" ter of Mr. Everſham to the heireſs of the
" Earl of Broomley, I ſhall change my
" opinion of you, and ſhall pronounce that
" the nobleneſs of your appearance is de-
" graded by your plebeian ſentiments."

" Upon my honor, madam, you entirely
" miſtake."

" Honor ſir!"—interrupted Mrs. Elea-
nor—" what have you to do with honor!
" You deſpiſe it. But did ſhe not yeſter-
" day as good as own to me your court-
" ſhip? Did ſhe not confeſs her affection?
" And do I not now ſee her very indeco-
" rouſly reclining in your arms? What
" young woman who had the moſt diſtant
" affinity to quality would permit ſuch
" vulgar freedom!"

" For Heaven's ſake madam!" ſaid the truly diſtreſſed Olivia, ſcarce able to raiſe her head from the ſhoulder of Mr. Seymour, who ſupported her, kneeling by her chair upon one knee, " do not—do not
" thus ——" She could not ſay more; her

eyes

eyes cloſed, and ſhe was inſenſible to the entrance of Eliza, who when ſhe ſaw the ſituation of her ſiſter, ſprang to her aſſiſtance. Mrs. Highman, now growing alarmed, rang for ſome attendants and the lovely maid was conveyed to another apartment.

For ſome moments Seymour ſtood motionleſs. The preceding ſcene had ſtricken him with amazement, but ſtarting from his reverie at the ſound of approaching ſteps, he recollected the impropriety of lengthening his ſtay and precipitately quitted the houſe of Mr. Everſham. As ſoon as he retired to his room, he ſat down to revolve the circumſtances of the day, but the more he conſidered, the more he was perplexed. That Olivia Everſham, of whoſe delicacy and truth he was ſteadily convinced, could convey to Mrs. Eleanor an idea of a correſpondence which never exiſted, was to him one of the moſt unaccountable circumſtances that ever occurred. It never before entered his imagination that ſhe entertained any other ſentiment in his

favor than that of a friendly eſteem. But entirely free as he was from that deſpicable vanity, conſpicuous in every geſture of the generality of our preſent race of young gentlemen, he could not ſhut his eyes againſt the incidents which raiſed the idea of a more tender partiality. Henry Seymour, unlike the powdered beau whoſe eye may perchance wander over theſe pages of our work, did not exult in the conqueſt he had undeſignedly made of the heart of an amiable young woman. He did not ſit down and contemplate his own proweſs, or walk before a looking-glaſs to ſurvey, with complaiſancy, his own irreſiſtible figure; nor did he ſtudy to keep, without entangling his own liberty, the valuable affection he had gained. No; he ſighed, and was ſincerely grieved at the event. He looked back upon his conduct, and was apprehenſive that he had too ardently expreſſed his friendſhip; that the fervency of his language had led the lovely maid to expect an offer of his heart. This idea occaſioned him to

cenſure

cenſure himſelf with ſome ſeverity: yet he had only to lament a total lack of preſumption and conceit, for his intention was unſullied, and he was unconſcious of his own attractions. Deeply concerned for his fair friend, Henry Seymour now began to examine more ſtrictly the ſtate of his heart, and to inquire if it were poſſible to return the affectionate partiality of Miſs Everſham. Carried away by native generoſity; by gratitude; by the delight of being the means of happineſs to an amiable woman, he almoſt determined to ſacrifice the dear idea of Harriet, to Olivia, and was upon the point of ſpringing to Mr. Everſham's to make her an offer of his hand. Thus did compaſſion and true tenderneſs incline, in favor of the gentleneſs, innocence and merit of Miſs Everſham, that heart over which neither the honor nor riches offered with Lady Jane Sommerton could prevail. Seymour aroſe from his ſeat and walked acroſs the room, meditating in what manner he ſhould declare his intention, and he

experienced a conſiderable degree of pleaſure in the premature conſciouſneſs of his heroiſm, when it occurred, for the firſt time, ſo abſorbed had he been by ſubſequent reflections, that ſcarce an hour had elapſed ſince his acknowledgment to Olivia of another woman's being in poſſeſſion of his unalienable affection. This recollection ſtaggered him: the impropriety of purſuing his deſign was flagrant! What could he do! The offer would be an inſult. He had affirmed that he could not with *juſtice* ſolicit the favor of any ſecond lady; and ſo ſoon to act in contradiction to that aſſertion was impoſſible.

A ſecret complaiſancy now prevailed over the mind of our hero. Honor forbad him to make the ſacrifice which a moment before he believed that honor demanded, and which he had brought himſelf to determine upon with a degree of pleaſure; but it was the pleaſure that a great mind experiences from the performance of great actions in oppoſition to its own intereſt and inclination.

tion. The pleaſure of indulgence, was now rectitude. The figure of Miſs Montague was allowed to pervade his imagination. He was glad that, without any motive reſpecting Olivia, he had unfolded to her his ſituation, and wondered what illuſion had led him to form the inequitable deſign, which he now relinquiſhed, of offering to her a heartleſs hand.

The recollection of Mrs. Highman's having intimated that Miſs Everſham had acknowledged a particular correſpondence with him, now recurred and perplexed him. It was impoſſible to account for this circumſtance. He conjectured without coming to any concluſion; and in this uncertainty we muſt leave him, to finiſh the chapter, which is already of a convenient length.

CHAP. LXVI.

Contraſted Britiſh Females.

THE fair Olivia, whom we left under the care of her ſiſter, was a conſiderable time before ſhe recovered any compoſure, the abruptneſs of her aunt having diſordered her much more than even the unexpected and unwelcome diſcloſure made by her beloved Henry. As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe informed the anxious Eliza of the cauſe of her diſcompoſure. Her affectionate ſiſter inveighed with much warmth againſt the partial and indelicate proceedings of her aunt, of whom ſhe declared that ſhe would inſtantly demand an audience and repreſent the injuſtice of her conduct. She likewiſe ſaid that ſhe would ſpeak upon the ſubject to Mr. Seymour; but from this, Olivia requeſted her to deſiſt, ſaying ſhe had ſo ſtrong a confidence in his honor;

honor; was ſo aſſured of his delicacy, and had ſuch an opinion of his generoſity, and rectitude of thinking, that ſhe was determined to ſummon ſufficient reſolution to ſpeak to him herſelf, as ſhe thought, after what her aunt had imprudently and erroneouſly intimated of her having acknowledged a particular correſpondence with him, an eclairciſſement was the only thing that could prevent ſuch a coolneſs between them as, if not prevented, would probably deprive her of his friendſhip and good opinion; a loſs, in her eſtimation beyond compenſation. Beſide, ſhe believed that ſhe owed ſuch an explanation to her own character, and her ſex's delicacy.

Eliza, in purſuance of her reſolution, went in queſt of Mrs. Highman as ſoon as her ſiſter could be left with ſafety, and entered with ſome ſhow of reſentment into the ſubject of her errand, her affection for her ſiſter urging her to ſpeak very freely on the injury which might reſult from the incidents of the day. Mrs. Highman was

at firſt very haughty in her replies, but being at length convinced of her error, ſhe expreſſed ſome concern at having made the miſtake. She refuſed however to enter into any converſation with Mr. Seymour on that ſubject, or on any other, as ſhe affirmed that the man who could be backward to receive the honor of Lady Jane Sommerton's offered favor, was abſolutely beneath her notice, and ought to be held in contempt by every one allied to quality. Eliza was, therefore, obliged to reſt ſatisfied with her aunt's acknowledgment of ſorrow for the cauſe of Olivia's indiſpoſition; though ſhe cenſured her with ſome ſeverity for her confeſſed partiality, as ſhe was not of a quality which entitled her to commence a negociation.

Eliza, on her return from Mrs. Highman's dreſſing room, met Lady Jane, who with a haughty air ſaid that ſhe hoped Miſs Everſham was better than ſhe had been.

Eliza offended by the manner in which ſhe ſpoke, replied, "My ſiſter is perfectly

"recovered,

" recovered, for which your ladyſhip will " be more concerned than if ſhe were ill."

" Who I child ! I concerned ! Of what " conſequence is her good or ill health to " me, except from the affection I enter- " tain for her."

" O I know what your affection is," replied the other; " and I am perfectly " acquainted with the excellency and " ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition."

" Poor thing !" ſarcaſtically retorted the maid of quality, piqued at the manner in which her couſin ſpoke, " is it afraid I " ſhould get its own, as well as its ſiſter's " lovers ! Well do not be very uneaſy— " when I am ſettled I will provide for you " both as well as I can, if you will but " uſe a little patience."

" Your own patience may perhaps have " ſome exerciſe, if you are in haſte to be " married," returned Eliza; " and as to " your friendly offer of proviſion, I decline " it in my ſiſter's name as well as in my " own, as we ſhould both be very ſorry to

" be united to any one who would liſten " to your recommendation." Saying this, ſhe haſtened away and went to Olivia, whom ſhe found very low but tranquil, ſhe being poſſeſſed of thoſe happy ſentiments which lead the mind to reſignation to the will of Heaven.

How little will the above character of Miſs Everſham exalt her in the eyes of the modiſh fair ones of the preſent day. Piety is ſuch an unfaſhionable trait in a young lady of diſtinction, that ſhe who merits what we are ſo *outré* as to call the honorable appellation of pious, is avoided by half her acquaintance. " Oh ! ſhe is much " too good for me," exclaims Celinda: " it is time enough to think of another " world when we are about leaving this. " I ſhould like to be an Angel, it is true, " becauſe they are beautiful, but I do not " chuſe to forfeit my preſent pretenſions " for the title to a precarious right here- " after."

Pray my good Lord Biſhop, would you think

think there are, within your dioceſe, many hundred pretty creatures of Celinda's kind? —Creatures who pretend to believe in futurity, yet ridicule and ſhun, as a nuiſance to ſociety, every one who pays any regard to either religion or morality? If your reverence *is* acquainted with this ſpecies of females, generally known by the title of fine ladies, we requeſt you to give them a little wholeſome admonition. Let them be informed that there are ſuch principles as good and evil; virtue and vice; and that whatever they may think of their own conduct, it is truly contemptible in the eye of every wiſe perſon in his Majeſty's dominions. As to their admirers—as ſhallow and as deſpicable as themſelves—be ſo charitable as to aſſure them that theſe women will make miſerable help-mates; ſpendthrift houſewives, and deſtructive mothers.

If O ye wiſe and virtuous prelates! you have hitherto been unacquainted with theſe fair-faced crocodiles, look into the ſtreets and

and aſſemblies of your towns and cities—ſearch even your villages and country places, and you will find ſome of the peſtiferous race at every turning. View them, and you will perceive that they are watching to catch the admiration of paſſing eyes. Liſten to their converſation, and hear them in bold and fearleſs language give applauſe to the prophane and deſtroying libertine; ridiculing the conſcientious and the modeſt of both ſexes, and endeavoring to bring into faſhion, a behavior that in purer ages, would have ſcandalized a Heathen country.

And now if your lordſhip will point your view another way, you may behold a levy of beauties of a different deſcription—charmers of the heart as well as of the eye; whoſe attractions will never fade; whoſe worth can never be too highly eſtimated—Lovely; lively; innocent: whoſe underſtandings are refined; whoſe hearts are pure, and who will prove a continual benefit, as well as a ſource of felicity to the favored mortals of their choice. Theſe, though

though they cannot but be conſcious of their ſuperiority over the fluttering miſſes of the firſt deſcription, are never heard to ſpeak with ſeverity upon their follies, and though they do not covet their acquaintance, treat them with good nature and complaiſance.

Follow, O! my fair peruſers! the example of theſe lovely maids and ever induſtriouſly ſhun thoſe females, though abounding in riches or dignified with titles, whoſe manners violate the rules of modeſty, or whoſe converſation tends to depreciate the beauties of morality and true religion.

CHAP.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Delicate Diſtreſs.

LADY Jane Sommerton, upon being left by Eliza Everſham, haſtened to the dreſſing room of Mrs. Highman, to whom, ſwelling with inſolence and reſentment, ſhe recounted her couſin's affronting language and then burſt into tears.

Mrs. Highman was extremely diſpleaſed with Eliza for daring to inſult her favorite, but after ſoothing her into a more placid humour, ſhe informed her that ſhe had been under a miſtake as to the extent of Miſs Everſham's confeſſion, who had only acknowledged her own prepoſſeſſion; and that it now ſtood evinced that there was no particular correſpondence between the parties. The young lady was in high ſpirits upon this intelligence. Her countenance inſtantly cleared, and a malicious joy heightened the color of her cheeks.

She

She diſregarded his prior entanglement, which ſhe ſaid was only a boyiſh attachment that would ſoon give way to the ſplendor of her alliance, as ſhe would not ſtop at any meaſures to accompliſh her deſign, were it only to chaſtiſe Olivia Everſham for preſuming to vie with her pretenſions. The aunt would have perſuaded her niece to relinquiſh every idea of a man who appeared ſo inſenſible to the honors offered him; giving it as her opinion that it was a proof of his having a plebeian ſoul.

"Juſt the contrary," ſaid the determined girl. "It convinces me that he "has a ſoul of quality, as his not being "dazzled by ſuch proſpects, ſhows that "ideas of grandeur are natives in his "mind."

When Mrs. Eleanor found Lady Jane ſo fixed in her purpoſe, ſhe ceaſed to oppoſe her, promiſing, at the ſame time, to do all ſhe could to accelerate the accompliſhment of her wiſhes. With this promiſe

miſe ſhe profeſſed herſelf to be extremely well ſatisfied, and retired to her own apartment to plan her proceedings.

Olivia, in the mean time, was conſulting with her ſiſter on the method which ſhe ſhould take to explain to Mr. Seymour the buſineſs of the morning, without injuring either truth or delicacy, and at length, ſhe determined to write a note, requeſting him to favor her with a viſit, which ſhe did in the following words.

" Sir,

" The perfect reliance I have on your " generoſity and honor, has led me to " reſolve upon a mode of conduct which, " in the opinion of the lightly thinking, " would ſeem extraordinary if not unjuſti- " fiable; but as a ſtrange miſconſtruction " has been put upon my language, and as " I am not conſcious of meriting the " cenſure I muſt neceſſarily have incurred, " it appears requiſite I ſhould explain the " miſtake which occaſioned the ſeverity of

" my

" my aunt's language yeſterday. I there-
" fore requeſt to ſee you for that purpoſe as
" ſoon as it will ſuit your leiſure to oblige
" me with a quarter of an hour's audience.
" This effort, I muſt own requires a great
" exertion of my reſolution, and I muſt
" beg you will aſſiſt in making my taſk
" eaſy by introducing the ſubject. In an-
" xious expectation of your arrival,

" I am ſir,

" your obliged friend,

" OLIVIA EVERSHAM."

Mr. Seymour received the above as he ſat down to breakfaſt, on the morning which followed the preceding events. As Clifford was with him when his ſervant entered, he only wrote an anſwer of two lines, importing he would do himſelf the honor of attending Miſs Everſham within an hour.

Seymour had no ſecret of his own that he concealed from this friend of his heart, but forbearing on the buſineſs in queſtion to utter one alluding ſyllable, he only told him

him that he had promiſed to attend at Mr. Everſham's after breakfaſt. As ſoon, therefore, as this repaſt was ended, Mr. Clifford took his leave and left his friend to his engagement.

When Mr. Seymour arrived at Mr. Everſham's, he was immediately conducted by a ſervant to whom previous orders had been given, into the room in which the young ladies uſually received their morning viſitants, where he found the ſiſters expecting his arrival. As ſoon as he appeared, they aroſe, but the preſence of mind which Olivia had been endeavoring to collect, almoſt forſook her and ſhe trembled in evident confuſion. Eliza was greatly hurt at her ſiſter's diſcompoſure, but it laſted not long, for Henry Seymour with all the grace and elegance that ever was poſſeſſed by one individual, haſtened to her, and taking both her hands, ſeated her and ſat down by her. He then thanked her for the very great honor which her freedom had done him, and hoped that ſhe believed

believed him when he assured her of his conviction that every action of her life was not only justifiable but meritorious.

Olivia thus encouraged, went through her purpose with tolerable fortitude, and never appeared in a more shining light than when in the language, and with the manner of modesty's own self, she explained the mistake of her aunt, which of necessity included an acknowledgment of those favorable sentiments a sense of his merit had occasioned; adding that she considered herself under peculiar obligations to the confidence he had reposed in her respecting Miss Montague, as it was a circumstance which would effectually fix her his friend through every stage of her life, with sentiments conformable to his own.

The warmth and the delicacy in which Seymour expressed his admiration of Miss Eversham's proceeding, did honor to his sensibility, and afforded a general relief: the two sisters now spoke with the greatest freedom; and an unfeigned friendship reigned

reigned in the hearts of the amiable trio. Miſs Everſham requeſted to be made acquainted with whatever ſhould happen relative to Miſs Montague; and Seymour, with acknowledgment for the intereſt which ſhe took in his affairs, promiſed that ſhe ſhould; though he confeſſed, that notwithſtanding his affection was fixed beyond eradication, he never expected either to ſee or to hear from her again. Other converſation enſued, and the party ſeparated; every one being ſatisfied with the event of the interview. After this, Lady Jane Sommerton took all poſſible pains to entrap Mr. Seymour, but vain were all her attempts. He ſaw through, and deſpiſed her blandiſhments, while he carefully avoided all appearance of diſapprobation, leſt the conſequence ſhould produce a prohibition to his viſiting at Mr. Everſham's. The friendly intercourſe, was, therefore, continued, and while the gentle, ſenſible Olivia was regaining her tranquility, Lady Jane was flattering herſelf with the idea of being at laſt ſucceſsful.

Soon

Soon after the events above related, a party from Beverly appeared at Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer; their three daughters; Mr. Ruſſel; Mr. and Mrs. Percival; Miſs Percival, and Miſs Bullion agreed to viſit the Univerſity. Where, notice being previouſly given, they were accommodated by Mr. Barker with handſome lodgings. Miſs Bullion and Mr. Stephen Percival conducted themſelves as betrothed lovers. Miſs Percival took great pains to infuſe an idea of a ſubſiſting partiality between herſelf and Henry Seymour, while Lucy Spencer and Mr. Clifford were ſoon ſenſible of a mutual congeniality. Seymour ſaw the ſympathy with peculiar ſatisfaction, as he was convinced that they were formed to conſtitute each others happineſs. The proſpect however was not unattended with pain as it ſuggeſted his own loſt felicity, and preſented an idea, which heaved his boſom with a ſigh.

The Beverly party purpoſing to ſtay ſome weeks at Cambridge, they were introduced to

to the acquaintance of the Everſhams, whom they ſaw, ſoon after their arrival, at a concert given by the ſon of a nobleman at Pembroke Hall, upon his coming of age. Lady Jane Sommerton, who knew the connexion between the families, immediately ſingled out Miſs Percival for her particular companion, intending to make her an inſtrument of her deſign upon Mr. Seymour, and began her manœuvres by inſinuating the predilection of Olivia Everſham. This intelligence Miſs Percival ſo induſtriouſly diſſeminated, that, in a few days it was known through the circle. Clifford was by theſe means firſt made acquainted with the circumſtance, for ſo ſacredly had the youth of real honor kept the ſecret, that neither he nor Mr. Barker had any ſuſpicion of it. Stephen Percival, indeed, whoſe prying temper and native cunning rendered him an adept at diſcovering a myſtery, had long been convinced of both Miſs Everſham's and Lady Jane's partiality, but he reſerved the diſcovery till a diſcloſure could

anſwer

anſwer ſome purpoſe to himſelf or his family. When Mr. Barker and Mr. Clifford underſtood the truth of the circumſtance, they wiſhed that their friend could return ſo prizable an affection. Even Miſs Spencer, dear as to her remembrance were the excellencies of her Harriet, could not but acknowledge that ſhe thought Mr. Seymour would be very happy with ſuch an amiable woman as Miſs Everſham. But no conſideration could prevail with Henry to accede to their wiſhes, againſt which he ſaid there were inſuperable bars. He added, alſo that he was convinced the lady would not only refuſe the offer of his hand, could he be ſo loſt to ſentiment as to make it, but, acquainted as ſhe was with the prior engagement of his affection, would deſpiſe him for the tender: that, moreover, he was perſuaded, however he might have been honored by her favorable opinion, that, at that period, ſhe conſidered him in no other light than as a friend in whoſe welfare, un-

connected with any circumſtance relative to herſelf, ſhe profeſſed to take an intereſt.

Thus, inſtead of expreſſing any inſolent degree of pity for the ſoft heart captivated by the irreſiſtible beauties of his perſon and dazzling qualities of his mind, as Beau Jeſſon would have done, did this noble youth endeavor to obliterate, as much poſſible the idea which had been diſſeminated of the fair one's partiality—a mode of proceeding earneſtly recommended to the practice of young gentlemen of the nineteenth Century, upon any real or imaginary conqueſt over the beauties in an aſſembly, who, probably, only wiſh to ſecure partners for the evening, but whoſe ſmiles they conſtrue into ſymptoms of tender admiration, and then induſtriouſly proclaim, by intelligible inuendoes, the ſuppoſed effect of their proweſs, which they even affect to lament.

When the friends of Seymour found him determined in his intentions, they ceaſed to ſolicit him upon the ſubject, and now a violent

violent animoſity broke out between Lady Jane and Miſs Percival; each diſcovering the other to be her competitor for the affection of a man with whom ſcarcely any diſengaged young woman could converſe with indifference. He did, indeed, charm every heart. His acquaintance was courted by both ſexes of all ranks, ages and diſpoſitions; the good; the grave, and the learned, finding as much pleaſure in his converſation as the young and the lively. Vivacious, to almoſt an extreme, as he naturally was, he had, notwithſtanding, a fund of ſolidity which, though it never made him either pedantic or vain, rendered him a delightful companion to all thoſe who loved to converſe on rational topics; yet at a ball —who more gay than Henry Seymour! He appeared exactly calculated for the diverſions of the evening. Every lady with whom he engaged looked upon him as her own; every mother was gratified when he ſingled out her daughter for his partner in the dance.

The two above-mentioned fair competitors could hardly confine themſelves within the bounds of decency when they met in public company, but the reſpect, with which Mr. Seymour treated Miſs Percival, as the daughter of his guardian, ſo enraged Lady Jane, as ſhe conſtrued it into a perſonal preference, that ſhe abſolutely refuſed making one in any party in which the Percivals were expected to join. For ſome days this proud girl ſuffered, on this account, many ſevere mortifications, but ſhe was ſoon relieved by a ſummons which Mr. Everſham received to go to Bath in conſequence of the death of a diſtant relation, by whom he had been left a conſiderable eſtate in that neighbourhood, where he afterwards reſided.

Removed to a new ſcene, Lady Jane Sommerton, ſoon forgetting Mr. Seymour, continued her endeavors to draw to herſelf the attention of every ſmart young man who diſtinguiſhed her couſins, and was aſtoniſhed at her want of ſucceſs; for not-

withſtanding

withſtanding all her prodigious imaginary advantages; they were both married—Olivia, at the perſuaſions of her ſiſter and other friends, to the eldeſt ſon of an earl, whoſe rank was his leaſt recommendation; Eliza to a baronet—long before the haughty maid of quality received one propoſal to which ſhe would condeſcend to liſten. Expecting a better and a ſtill better offer, ſhe began at laſt to deſpair of ever being married at all; and in this humor and ſatisfying herſelf with the retention of her own conſequence, ſhe gave her hand, without the conſent or even the knowledge of her aunt, to a young attorney, whoſe father was butler to a nobleman. Chagrined and mortified by this event, Mrs. Eleanor Highman, now turned the current of her favor towards her other nieces.

CHAP. LXVIII.

A Letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley to Mrs. Mitchel.

THE removal of Lady Jane Sommerton and Miſs Everſham, left Miſs Percival imaginary miſtreſs of the field. Her fears had, of late, been ſo ſtrongly excited on account of theſe two formidable rivals that ſhe had almoſt forgotten the greater obſtacle to her ſucceſs—Henry Seymour's remembrance of Harriet Montague. She had indeed nearly perſuaded herſelf that though that unfortunate maid muſt neceſſarily live in his recollection, ſhe could not be thought of by him but with abhorrence, and that, therefore, there was not much doubt of her own wiſhes being ultimately completed: ſo ſanguine was this Lady's vanity, increaſed by her relations; and ſo flattering the ſweetneſs of Seymour's diſpoſition,

diſpoſition, which ſoftened his manners even to thoſe whom he diſliked, and diſplayed itſelf in a conſtant native politeneſs to every individual.

About this period, Mrs. Mitchel, who remained at Beverly with Miſs Deborah (ſhe not being ſufficiently recovered from the illneſs occaſioned by her diſappointment, to accompany the party) received a letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley. This was immediately communicated by the inſidious governeſs to Mrs. R. Percival, who with great art and induſtry circulated its contents amongſt the friends by whom ſhe was ſurrounded.

" Dear Mitchel,

" Juſt as your laſt reached my hands, I " was ſetting off for Tunbridge and only " returned late laſt night. During my " ſtay in Kent I was ſo intolerably engaged " that I could not find one half hour for " any abſent friend, or your inquiries ſhould " have been attended to, though I could

" not then have given them any anſwer,
" and now that, by means of an interview,
" this morning, with Millemont's couſin
" Fitzgerman, I am empowered to tranſ-
" mit you ſome intelligence, it is with pain
" that I execute my commiſſion, as I can
" only inform you of the complete ruin of
" one of the loveliеſt girls I ever ſaw.
" When ſhe firſt went off with Captain
" Millemont, ſhe ſeemed to expect his
" inſtantly making her his wife, and Fitz-
" german ſays held out reſolutely ſome
" time, but was at length obliged to yield
" to the force of the captain's battery.

" You will, my dear Mitchel, excuſe the
" lightneſs of my dialect: the occaſion de-
" mands a greater ſolemnity of ſtyle, but
" I chuſe the exact words of my intelli-
" gencer, who farther ſays that the terms
" of Miſs Montague's ſurrender were, her
" being allowed to wear her commander's
" name, and an actual ſolemnization of
" the nuptials upon their arrival at Jamaica,
" or before the birth of the firſt child.

" This

" This account seemed so highly incon-
" sistent with the idea I had formed of Miss
" Montague, that had it been given me
" uncorroborated by her previous decamp-
" ment with a known libertine, I should
" not have credited a syllable; but the
" last being a certainty, who could doubt
" of the other?

" The amorous couple sailed for the
" West last week; not, to prevent pur-
" suit as it was given out, immediately
" upon quitting Beverly.

" It is happy for your reputation Mit-
" chel that your other pupils do so much
" credit to your tutorage, else the morality
" of your precepts might be brought into
" question. The misses Percival are ho-
" nors to your name. Miss Debby is a
" charming creature; yet her sister, it
" must be confessed, exceeds her. She
" will be an ornament to her husband, and
" I congratulate the family on the very
" eligible union which, Wharton writes
" me, will now probably take place be-

" tween her and Mr. Seymour. I always
" thought they appeared to be much more
" formed for each other than that gentle-
" man and the fair fallen Harriet, though
" I do not pretend to have been poſſeſſed
" of that preſcience to which Nanette
" Beever lays claim, as I did not ſuſpect her
" of ſuch ſuperlative ſlyneſs: nay, I even
" thought the family, her grandmother, in
" particular, blameable for the ſeverity with
" which they treated her, but they are now
" juſtified, as it is proved that they were
" better acquainted with her real diſpoſi-
" tion than thoſe who judged of her more
" favorably. Fitzgerman was in raptures
" with her appearance, which he ſaid was
" brilliant, and even ſumptuous; indeed,
" the account he gave of her habiliment
" much ſurpriſed me, as I uſed to think
" ſhe looked the eſſence of elegant ſim-
" plicity; but I believe when once theſe
" kind of young women have parted with
" their innocence they are in haſte to part,
" likewiſe, with its ſemblance.

" Thus,

" Thus, my dear friend, have I not only
" answered your inquiries, respecting your
" degenerate pupil, but have given you
" my unasked sentiments upon the oc-
" casion.

" And now for a word or two of intel-
" telligence relative to our old friends at
" Tunbridge.

" Mr. Beever has professed himself to
" be mortally wounded by Miss Wilmot,
" who with the utmost *sang froid* seems
" perfectly unconscious of the important
" conquest. You and I, Mitchel, have
" seen too much of the world to be de-
" ceived by appearances, else we should
" think Miss Wilmot, Diana's own daugh-
" ter, educated by Minerva. But ah!
" I beg the chaste dame's pardon. Stranger
" to *petites amourettes*—the icy fair boasts
" of virginity unsullied, so I must find a
" goddess more congenial with myself, to
" honor as the mother of Miss Wilmot,
" who will not raise my wonder by

" ſhowing herſelf as another Miſs Mon-
" tague.

" My dear Major is married and repents.

" Miſs Shetton ſtill dies for Leeland,
" and Irwin languiſhes for me.

" I am, dear Mitchel,

" Yours with all ſincerity,

" CATHARINE LUMLEY."

This precious epiſtle was received by Mrs. R. Percival at the breakfaſt-table, in the preſence of a large company; Seymour and Mr. Clifford, being amongſt the number. Having an admirable command of her features, her countenance as ſhe peruſed the letter, was expreſſive of wonder and deep concern, upon which Mr. Percival aſked with anxiety how Debby was.

" As well as when we left her," replied the lady.

" You look uneaſy," returned her huſband. " What is the matter?"

" Nay nothing new, nor any thing un-
" expected,"

"expected," was her anſwer, putting into his hand the letter encloſed, which he haſtily peruſed, and returned with ſaying "What elſe could ſhe look for?"

The ſubject was then dropped and a ſilence of two or three minutes enſued, after which a walk round the town was propoſed by old Mrs. Percival, and acceded to by the reſt of the party.

CHAP. LXIX.

Miſs Montague's Fall induſtriouſly circulated, yet not implicitly believed.

THE adroitneſs of Mrs. R. Percival ſoon made every one, who had any concern in the buſineſs, acquainted with the particulars of the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley's letter. To Mr. Clifford whom, in the courſe of the walk, ſhe ſingled from the reſt of the company, ſhe talked

talked upon the ſubject with an appearance of great concern, and aſked his opinion reſpecting the propriety of imparting to Mr. Seymour the intelligence which ſhe had received. Mr. Clifford heſitated from an idea of the concern his friend would experience on the occaſion, but at length concluded with thinking it perfectly right that he ſhould know every circumſtance, as a full conviction of Miſs Montague's degeneracy would moſt probably free him from every remaining tie of tenderneſs. When the letter was ſhown to Miſs Spencer, which Clifford requeſted it might be, previous to its being put into the hands of Mr. Seymour, ſhe was affected beyond deſcription, and could ſcarcely be prevailed upon to yield her aſſent to its credibility, but as its apparent authenticity was too ſtrong to admit of continued diſbelief, ſhe was obliged to give up the cauſe of her Harriet, whoſe conduct ſhe in vain endeavored to extenuate—in vain attempted to ſoften the evidence againſt it; or to

repel

repel the forcible accuſations which were brought forward by Mrs. R. Percival. She ſighed; ſhe wept, and continued ſilent. Miſs Montague was condemned to ignominy, and Mr. Clifford, after due preparation, put the inſidious letter into the hands of Henry Seymour, whom it threw into a temporary frenzy. Had he ſooner known the continuance of the culprits in England after their flight from Beverly, he would have explored their reſidence, and demanded an explanation of their conduct. *Nothing* he *averred, leſs than diabolical enchantment, could have drawn from the path of rectitude his Harriet Montague! Infernal arts muſt have been practiſed to have ſeduced ſuch a woman from herſelf.*

In this manner, in a high tone of voice, did the enraged Seymour for ſome time exclaim; his friend rightly judging that it would be as ineffectual as unſeaſonable to endeavor to moderate at the moment the violence of his paſſion, and when Clifford, in due time, ventured to oppoſe the torrent,

and

and attempted to repreſent the matter as a common occurrence, ſpringing from the frailty of womankind, Seymour turned ſhort upon him and with a ſtern air ſaid "Clif-" ford! you did not know my Harriet, or " you would not have talked of her in " ſuch familiar language. She was—Good " Heavens! what was ſhe not! She was " all that mortals can conceive of beings " angelic! But Oh!" continued he, after a pauſe " ſhe is gone; ſhe is loſt, and my " ſoul cannot form any idea of future fe-" licity."

After this, he ſtudiouſly avoided the ſubject, and whenever any of the Percivals inſidiouſly endeavoured to introduce it, he aroſe and left the company: all converſation, therefore, reſpecting Miſs Montague ſoon ceaſed, and Mrs. R. Percival was impatient for Mr. Percival's propoſing to Seymour an union with her daughter while his mind was inflamed with reſentment, as ſhe concluded that it *muſt* be, againſt the lovely victim of her machinations; but her

mother-

in-law advised a delay till the vacation, now approaching, should unite the parties at Beverly Lodge. How far this policy was preferable to the other, we will not take upon us to determine.

CHAP. LXX.

Kind Intentions to some of our Readers.

THE vacation is arrived. Our visitants who were prevailed upon to stay till that period, are preparing to leave Cambridge. The sorrow of Henry Seymour is unabated, though his native vivacity, which, when in company, he permits to disguise the real feelings of his mind, induces the Percivals to believe that Harriet is thence erased, and that Barbara, who is a pretty girl and whose beauties they view through a magnifier, will, of course, succeed to his affection, while she, tormented by

by jealouſy, watches every attention which the friendſhip of Henry directs to Lucy, and dreads, as many of our readers may judge with probability, leſt their mutual ſympathy ſhould inſenſibly lead to a warmer ſentiment; for notwithſtanding the congenial attachment between Miſs Spencer and Mr. Clifford appears more conſpicuous every day, yet as the gentleman has not formally avowed his *tendreſſe*, Miſs Percival trembles with apprehenſion leſt the ſoft allurements of her couſin ſhould defeat the fond hopes which ſhe has formed.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer ſee Mr. Clifford with partiality. Mr. Ruſſel and Mr. Barker unite him in eſteem with Henry Seymour. Matilda and Caroline Spencer wiſh to call him brother, while the family of the Percivals diſlike him becauſe of his attachment to the Spencers, to whom, notwithſtanding great appearances to the contrary, they have an inſuperable averſion. Miſs Bullion *deteſts* him for his *inſolence* and *ſtupidity*—we ſelect the lady's own

phraſes

phraſes—for not paying due deference to people of fortune, for he treats *her as if ſhe were not worth a ſhilling in the world.*

Kind and gentle reader, we have now done with the preſent tenſe, and ſhall lapſe into our old dull ſtyle of relating paſt events. If thou art tired, ſtop at the point to which thou art arrived. We will not lead thee on by promiſes of better entertainment than what thou haſt already experienced, becauſe we may thus perchance baulk thy expectations; but we will do our beſt to fill the vacuity of thy mind; inform thy underſtanding, and amend thy heart. We will entice thee to follow the examples ſet thee by our favorites and to ſhun the vices of thoſe whom we diſapprove. We will paint, in our moſt glowing colors, the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; and if thou demeaneſt thyſelf with teachable humility, we will give thee all the praiſe that thou canſt deſire.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXI.

Thoſe who have experienced the Cauſe will excuſe the Effect.

WHEN the party we juſt now left at Cambridge reached Beverly, they received the alarming intelligence that the good old Mr. Spencer was taken dangerouſly ill about an hour before their arrival. Till this period, he had enjoyed an uninterrupted ſtate of health, which increaſed the apprehenſion that the diſorder would prove fatal.

The effects of this event on the minds of the inhabitants of Beverly were various. The major part greatly and ſincerely lamented it, and offered up to Heaven fervent prayers for the recovery of their venerable friend and benefactor. Even children ran crying to their mothers, when they were told that Mr. Spencer would die, and the general

general queſtion from one individual to another, when they met, was, "How long "is it ſince you heard anything from the "Aviary?" If the reply was favorable, the countenance of the inquirer inſtantly brightened, and "Thank GOD," with a real ardor, cloſed the converſation.

Reader! Thou didſt not know our great, our beneficent Mr. Spencer; nor wert thou, I ween, acquainted with that kindred ſoul of his, which inhabited the form of the gentleman mentioned in the 28th chapter of the firſt volume of theſe our labors, by the name of KILDERBEE! If thou hadſt witneſſed, as we did, the cloſing ſcene of the latter, and of its effects upon the people in the vicinity, thou wouldſt be able, without our aſſiſtance, to form an idea of the general concern which ſeized the inhabitants of the village upon an apprehenſion that the end of Mr. Spencer was approaching.

When Mr. KILDERBEE [kind, good, amiable father!—friend!] left theſe lower Regions,

Regions, to join congenial minds above, the Pariſh mourned: the bond of induſtry was arreſted: buſineſs ſtood ſtill; and ſilence expreſſed the univerſal ſorrow which the ſudden ſtroke occaſioned.

Reader! whoe'er thou art that feeleſt thyſelf diſpleaſed by an apoſtrophe to a man ever dear to our recollection—ever high in our remembrance, go thy ways. We write not for ſuch as *thou*; nor ſhall thy frozen criticiſm ſtop, or chill the filial tear which ſtealeth down our cheek.

Hail bleſſed Spirit! And as on Earth thy glory was to aid thy Maker's praiſe, ſo now from Heaven come and influence us below to tread thy ſteps. Be thou our Guardian Angel and keep our ſouls from evil!

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXII.

Sorrowful Intelligence.

THE close of our last chapter has deprived us of all our juvenile and light-minded perusers, and we have a prophetic idea that our future pages will be opened only by the good and wise; a number so inconsiderable when compared with the multitudes which incommode our friends, that did we not conceive *their* good opinion to be a vast overbalance to the disapprobation of the trifling many, we should fold our paper, and leave Mr. Spencer to die unregarded; Miss Montague to be destroyed without a sigh; Mr. Seymour to be wretched and Miss Spencer to mourn without commiseration, and the rest of our favorites to sink into utter oblivion, without the feeling of any compunction: but encouraged by the smiles of our lenient friends,

friends, we will proceed, and even attempt to entice our diſloyal ſubjects to return to their duty, by promiſing to entertain them with the joys of folly and the triumphs of vice.

" Mr. Spencer is ill."

" Mr. Spencer is *dying*."

" Mr. Spencer is DEAD"—was, by the progreſſive voice of fame, ſoon echoed through the village and vicinity of Beverly.

As we have already attempted a faint ſketch of the ſorrows of the friends of virtue upon an apprehenſion of loſing the exemplary Philanthropiſt, we will now caſt an eye upon thoſe, who from an expectation of ſome advantage accruing to themſelves from the occaſion, received the intelligence without a ſigh.

" Is he dead!"—ſaid Mrs. Quaintly. " Then Dorcas give me my hat and my " cloak and my clogs, and let me run up " to the Lodge. Perhaps the news has " not yet been ſent there; or if it has, my " good and dear friend, Mrs. R. Percival,

" will

" will have ſo much to do, that ſhe will, I " know, be glad of my advice and aſſiſ- " tance."

Mrs. Quaintly was, in ſome meaſure, diſappointed. The news had reached the Lodge, but it wanted the confirmation which ſhe was happy to bring, of its authenticity. The family and their partizans now entered into conſultations upon the proper and the improper; and great reſentment was expreſſed againſt *the people about the old man*, as they diſreſpectfully ſtyled the reverend parent, for not immediately diſpatching a meſſenger with the intelligence: but it was ſuppoſed that they ſtaid to concert their meaſures, and to determine whether they ſhould or ſhould not, immediately quit the Aviary.

" I thought madam," ſaid Mrs. Quaintly, " Mr. Stephen Percival was entitled to " the eſtate upon the death of Mr. " Spencer."

" Why ſo he is, to be ſure," replied Mrs.

R. Percival; "at leaſt, *I* am, which is the "ſame thing."

"Certainly madam," obſequiouſly returned the other; "but how then can "thoſe people heſitate about relinquiſhing "poſſeſſion?"

"Why, Mrs. Quaintly," ſaid the firſt, "there is an awkward clauſe in my great-"grandfather's will, which wants explain-"ing, as it does not definitively ſay who "is to enjoy the property in caſe of my "grandfather Spencer's death before the "heir arrives at the age appointed; but "there is not much doubt of its being the "*parent* of that heir: however, as Ste-"phen is ſo near of age, it would be mad-"neſs in my ſiſter or couſin to diſpute the "matter."

"Certainly; certainly."

"To be ſure."

"Certainly"—exclaimed one, then another, of this precious groupe, which conſiſted of all the Percivals, Mrs. Mitchel and Mrs. Quaintly.

Mr.

Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour were at the Aviary, where the firſt was in high eſteem and the other ſo greatly favored, that Mr. Spencer always called him the ſon of his affection.

George Percival was the only one at the Lodge who expreſſed any ſorrow for the event which ſo many deplored, and he was aſked with ſarcaſtic ſeverity whether he ſhed tears becauſe his brother would be lord of the village.

" Yes," ſaid the angry youth; " be-
" cauſe he never will cut ſo bright a figure
" in that ſtation as my grandfather has
" done, who was, queſtionleſs, the beſt
" man in the Univerſe."

Mr. Stephen was going to reply with a menacing air, when being told that the ſervant who was ordered to go expreſs to Bullion Bower, waited for his letter, he inſtantly retired to write, and George walked into the garden to vent his grief without the danger of reproach.

CHAP. LXXIII.

The Percivals in Triumph.

Beverly Lodge, Tuesday morning.

" MY dear Miss Bullion is already in " my idea transformed into Lady " Beverly, and she will, I now hope, be " very soon the declared mistress of Spencer " Aviary.

" After this it is needless to say that the " late possessor is no more.

" Exercise, my dear madam, your fancy; " prepare your ornaments, and enjoy in " prospect the astonishment which the " whole country will be under at the blaze " of brilliancy you will exhibit upon an " ensuing occasion, the delights of which " already fill the heart of

" Your

" STEPHEN PERCIVAL."

The

The above was the billet ſent by the heir apparent to his elected bride, and beyond expreſſion was the tranſport with which ſhe peruſed the faſcinating tidings which it conveyed. She was ſeized with a delirium of pleaſure, and actually, in the paroxiſm, wrote an anſwer to Lord Beverly, and ſent it to the Lodge with that addreſs. She then ran up to her father and mother and acquainted them with the joyful event, congratulating them upon the proſpect of her ſoon being the firſt lady in the country. She then began to arrange the articles of her intended bridal *habillement*, ſaying—" It was always my wiſh to be a " mourning bride, there is ſomething ſo " novel and ſo elegant in the deſign that I " am determined to be married in mourn- " ing. The dreſs in which I mean to make " my appearance is ſilver tiſſue, which ſhall " be ſpotted with black and trimmed in " feſtoons with the broadeſt and fineſt " black lace that can be procured. My " ornaments ſhall be jet and pearls. Jet

" bracelets with pearl lockets will have
" a moſt beautiful effect upon my arms,
" which, ſince I uſed milk of roſes are
" charmingly improved, and, in *my* opi-
" nion, ſhow more good blood than thoſe
" of the girl who ran away from the Lodge,
" about which, the men uſed to make ſuch
" a fuſs. Jet for my necklace and ear-
" rings will likewiſe be of advantage to
" the complexion of my face and boſom,
" eſpecially as the ſlightneſs of my mourn-
" ing will admit of powder in my hair.
" My beſt ſhoes ſhall be white ſatin, my
" others, black, with jet faſtenings to the
" firſt, and pearl roſes for the ſecond. The
" ground of my watch caſe, too, ſhall be
" pearls, with jet ſtuds."

Thus did the Nabob's daughter anticipate the delights of bridal finery, while her admiring parents ſat looking firſt upon her and then upon each other with looks of the fondeſt approbation. After ſhe had run over all the particulars of her intended dreſſes, the old people recapitulated the articles

articles which had been previouſly agreed upon, reſpecting jointure; younger children's fortunes, and pin money, till miſs recollected it was time to write orders to her tradeſmen in London; which ſhe did with all poſſible expedition and ſent off the letters by expreſs.

And now let us leave theſe exulting people to the only happineſs which they are capable of feeling, while we follow the too long neglected Harriet Montague, or, as at this period, ſhe was ſtyled, Mrs. Millemont, through a ſeries of incidents which led to the criſis of her fate;—a fate which affected even the hearts of Mrs. R. Percival and Miſs Bullion, invulnerable as they ever had been to the ſufferings of virtue, or the fall, with the ruin which generally enſues, of its votaries.

Reader, we again leave it at thy option to "purſue, or not to purſue" the ſubject of our pages. If thou art amongſt the tender of thy ſpecies, cloſe the volume, for thy ſoul will be pained by our relation. If

adamant ſurrounds thy heart, proceed, for the diſtreſſes of virtue, in all her lovelineſs, will not touch thy feelings. No pang for others can invade thy ſerenity; no ſigh for the wretchedneſs of a fellow-creature heave thy unruffled breaſt. Malus, we envy thee, for thou art defended againſt that ſympathy—that compaſſion which often tears our hearts for the woes of another; nor will thy brother's cries, though miſery bends him to the ground, deſtroy one atom of thy felicity. But, Malus, we pity thee, for thou art loſt to joys unſpeakable—Joys which a frozen mind can never know, but which, as Amator thou canſt tell are exquiſite—the joys of leſſening, by partaking of, a fellow-creature's grief.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIV.

Love—improperly ſo called; and a few Ideas on the Sale of our Fellow-Creatures.

WE left Miſs Montague in a ſituation ſufficiently deplorable to excite compaſſion in the breaſt of a Spaniſh duenna, and it would have been an act worthy of the moſt renowned knight-errants of old Caſtile to have releaſed her from the giant Millemont, preſſing her, as we have ſaid, to look forward to happineſs when the gulph of deſtruction ſeemed opening to receive her. In vain were her entreaties for him to relinquiſh his purpoſe. In vain did ſhe aſſure him that certain wretchedneſs to both, would be the inevitable conſequence of his perſiſting in his deſign (which, at that time, ſhe did not doubt to be matrimony), as it never could be in her power to make ſuch a return of affection as he ſeemed to deſire, or as a

wife ought to give to a huſband. To all this he replied that he would truſt to time and his own aſſiduity, which, he feared not, would conquer her prejudices and enable her to reward his *paſſion*—as he very juſtly termed it, for affection, in its genuine ſenſe, was a plant of too divine a genus to flouriſh in the rank ſoil of Millemont's boſom.

Tired with the conteſt, ſhe wept and was ſilent, till the libertine claſped her in his arms, with a rude fervency, and ſwore that moment was the moſt rapturous of his exiſtence. The indignant maid, with all her ſtrength, reſiſted his diſguſting freedoms, and, thruſting her head through the window, wildly ſcreamed for aſſiſtance; but there was not any near, for the ruffian had concerted his plan with too much policy for her efforts to be effectual. The carriage which conveyed the lovely ſubject of theſe pages had been lent by a young nobleman practiſed in exploits of this nature, and was well adapted for the purpoſe, being

being furniſhed with ſpring blinds, that could be let down in an inſtant and which Millemont never failed to uſe, whenever any houſes or paſſengers appeared in ſight; by which means, and by being met, at proper diſtances, by freſh horſes, they reached London without moleſtation on the following evening. Here the terrified and almoſt exhauſted Harriet, who had refuſed all the refreſhment which Millemont had provided for her, was entirely wrapped in a counterpane and carried into an elegant houſe in Portland Place. It belonged to the ſame nobleman who had accommodated the Captain with his chaiſe, and who had alſo left for his friend's uſe one of his carriages in town; his lordſhip being, at that time, at Bath, for the recovery of his early decayed conſtitution.

The wretch, who received the diſtreſſed beauty, was a practiſed pander, whoſe manners were perfectly genteel, and who appeared a man of faſhion. His wife, equally poliſhed with himſelf, and equally qualified

for the very honorable employment for which his lordſhip had ſelected them, was the daughter of an honeſt farmer who, contrary to his own judgment had ſuffered his wife to give her an education greatly above his ſituation. This injudicious meaſure had the ill effect of diſpoſing her to liſten to the adulation of the landlord, and in a ſhort time, to fall a willing ſacrifice to his allurements, a circumſtance which broke her mother's heart and ſhortened the days of her father. After her lover was tired of his conqueſt, he propoſed her as a wife to the confidant of his amours, who readily accepting the offer, received a very conſiderable ſum for his compliance. This finiſhed pair entered very warmly into each other's views, and loſing their patron ſoon after their union, ſet up for themſelves, and in a ſhort time obtained ſo ſuperior a reputation for *being uſeful*, that the noble lord, in whoſe houſe they now reſided, determined to monopolize their ſervices, by the ſettlement of a handſome

handſome annuity for the term of their joint lives, and a reſidence in one of the many houſes of which this illuſtrious pillar of the Britiſh Senate was poſſeſſor. Fortunately for the purpoſes of our military gentleman, this Mr. and Mrs. Blarney were now houſekeepers for his lordſhip in Portland Place, where he had purchaſed a tenement which, on account of the privacy of the back apartments, ſeemed purpoſely framed for miſchief.

When Miſs Montague was releaſed from her cotton fetters, Mr. Blarney was the ſole object that appeared in her view; the captain being gone to give directions to the ſervants, who were to continue with him, and to conſult with Mrs. Blarney the beſt method of procedure. As ſhe gazed around her in aſtoniſhment and terror, her ſkilful attendant in the moſt conſoling language requeſted her to be comforted and eaſy; aſſuring her that ſhe was in a houſe where ſhe would be protected from every ill, and that

that he ſhould be happy to render her every poſſible ſervice.

The diſtreſſed Harriet immediately caught hold of the hope which this addreſs afforded, and claſping her hands with ſupplicating ardency, ſprang from the chair, upon which ſhe had been ſeated, and threw herſelf upon her knees at the feet of Blarney without his obſerving her intention in time to prevent her. In this poſture ſhe was beginning to thank him and to implore his protection, when the door was opened and captain Millemont entered, introducing Mrs. Blarney. Harriet now relapſed into her former terrors, and ſank upon the floor, from which Millemont and Mrs. Blarney lifted her, and carrying her up ſtairs, another female attendant was ſummoned, who aſſiſted the lady procureſs in putting her to bed. When ſhe was ſufficiently recovered to be able to ſpeak, ſhe demanded of Mrs. Blarney, who was ſitting by the bed-ſide, *where ſhe was*, and *under whoſe protection?* The experienced woman, putting on an air

air of tenderneſs, aſſured her that ſhe was perfectly ſafe; that no harm was intended her, and that ſhe might rely upon her for protection.

Harriet looked at her; heſitated, and doubted; for ſhe thought that her countenance indicated duplicity; but Mrs. Blarney moſt ſtrongly proteſted that notwithſtanding ſhe had been prevailed upon by *her couſin Millemont* to receive (as ſhe had been led to ſuppoſe) his intended bride, ſhe was a woman of too much *conſcience*, and Mr. Blarney a man of too nice honor, to permit any undue proceeding in her houſe.

Harriet was ſtill apprehenſive; but totally overcome by fatigue, ſhe yielded to the power of ſleep, after having, with difficulty, been prevailed upon to take a little nouriſhment. A female ſervant, devoted to her employers, was left to attend in the room through the night, and Mrs. Blarney joined her huſband and the captain in the ſupper room, where it was agreed that every method

method of perſuaſion ſhould be uſed to procure Miſs Montague's conſent to the wiſhes of her lover, as he falſely ſtyled himſelf; that if her principles were inflexible, he would propoſe marriage; taking care, however, not to be legally fettered, and that, if this was rejected, ſhe muſt thank her own obſtinacy for enſuing conſequences, as after their arrival in the Weſt Indies, for which place he expected to ſail in a ſhort time, he would repay himſelf for his trouble, either with or without her conſent. Till this period, ſhe was to have all the liberty ſhe could deſire within the houſe, but not, on any account, to be allowed to go abroad.

Mr. Blarney thought Millemont had arranged the buſineſs very properly, and applauded his not intending to proceed to violence in Portland Place, as notwithſtanding the convenience of the back rooms, if her reſiſtance was attended with ſcreaming, the people at the next houſe, who were ſtrange preciſe creatures, might catch the ſound and make impertinent inquiries.

quiries. Mrs. Blarney likewiſe ſpoke approvingly, but hinted that ſhe thought his reſtraint might ceaſe upon their going on board the ſhip, and that the commander ought to be prepared to expect Captain and Mrs. Millemont. The gentleman was pleaſed with the intimation; told her the plan ſhould be purſued, and aſked her to procure a proper perſon to attend *his wife* to Jamaica. Mrs. Blarney aſſured him that he could not meet with a young woman of greater fidelity than Hannah Jenkins, the girl who was then attending Miſs Montague's bedſide, for ſhe believed nothing could corrupt her but gold; which, ſhe preſumed, the captain was too well experienced to permit his lady to poſſeſs. Hannah was proof as Mrs. Blarney was poſitive againſt prayers and tears, having no ears for the language of complaint on occaſions of the preſent nature.

Thus was the deſtruction of our Harriet determined upon by three villainous conſpirators, who paid no regard to the weight of

of diſtreſs which the proſecution of their plan muſt inevitably heap upon the devoted victim:—and who deliberately reſolved upon deſtroying—poſſibly the future, certainly the temporal felicity of one of the moſt amiable young women in the univerſe, for no other reaſon than that of her being beautiful; accompliſhed, and meriting the eſteem of all who had any knowledge of her.

Captain Millemont was in love with Miſs Montague! He adored her! It was ſhe only who could make him happy!

What a prophanation of language! What an inverſion of meaning!—for it follows—*And, therefore, he would render her the moſt wretched of exiſting creatures, and an object of contempt to all by whom ſhe was formerly reſpected.*

Ye Millemonts of the Age! draw near. Hear, with deteſtation, the recital of your enormities, and avoid a recommiſſion of crimes which mark, with infamy, the name of MAN! Ye advocates for the iniquitous traffic

traffic of your fellow-creatures! rejoice; for while deſtroying libertines exiſt ye ſhall not be deemed the moſt atrocious of your ſpecies: for ye only ruin the worldly felicity of thouſands—only lay waſte united families and happy countries—only tear children from parents; parents from helpleſs children; huſbands and wives from each other's fond embraces, and divide the deareſt friends for their remaining term of years in *this* ſtate of exiſtence, after which, in that bleſt region where

"No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold,"

they ſhall be reunited in never ending joy, whilſt ye, ſinking under their accuſation, ſhall be doomed to perpetual ſlavery in the only place calculated for the puniſhment of your crimes: but the libertine, who often gives death to both the body and ſoul of thoſe whom he has enſnared, ſhall have the additional torment of being continually goaded by the wretches who were, by him, conducted

conducted to the horrid scene of their mutual punishment!

Yet vaunt not too much O ye sordid purchasers of human flesh! that there are in the Creation sinners of a still blacker hue than yourselves; for deadly dark must be the corners of your flinty hearts. Your advocates—what cause is so bad as to be destitute of a pleader?—your advocates advance the *necessity* of slaves to cultivate the Western Lands; but we deny that such necessity exists; and we deny it logically. Nothing can be necessary that is evil; and that this practice *is* evil, may very easily be proved; *therefore*, it cannot be necessary.

If your lordship and Sir Judas are so hardy as to refuse your assent to our assertion, that the sale of human creatures is an evil, the first question which we will ask you, is, whether an African be naturally inferior to an European in point of uncultivated intellect? To this we conclude, as we suppose you to be possessed of common sense, that you will answer—No.—Say, then, what would

would be *your* ſenſations on ſeeing a hundred Engliſhmen dragged from their native ſhore—(whether without, or with, the authority of their king)—chained, and confined on board a trading veſſel, and knowing that they were torne from their diſtracted friends for the purpoſe of performing the work of horſes and of oxen! What would be your ſentiments of their *purchaſers?* And what your tortures, were any one of your own children to be ſeized by the ravagers!

Gracious Heaven, that any man who calls himſelf a Chriſtian, can give his voice in favor of ſuch execrable proceedings—ſuch tolerated barbarity!!! That any nation which profeſſes to believe the Goſpel of Chriſt, can heſitate to aboliſh a traffic ſo diametrically oppoſite to its divine injunctions!!!

It has been urged that theſe Africans, till employed by Europeans, are a ſet of people entirely uſeleſs, and that we, kindly, endeavor

endeavor to render them beneficial to the univerſe!

Blind! ignorant! ſtupid! ſordid wretches! To ſuppoſe that the Almighty Father created thouſands of rational beings for no end—no purpoſe! and that we have been very meritorious in diſcovering a method to make theſe ſupernumerary people of ſervice to the reſt of their ſpecies, by employing them in buſineſs for which, GOD and Nature omitted to qualify them! If the work of brutes *was* to be *their* work, we could teach the Great Omniſcient to do much better than He has done: we could inſtruct him to ſend this part of the human race into this world without the reaſon with which it is requiſite that *we* ſhould be endued; and by taking care to blunt the edge of their ſenſibility; by preventing their having any ſentiments of affection or friendſhip for their own ſpecies, AND *by rendering them inacceſſible to torture*—to prepare them for the condition which is allotted to them.

Will

Will our readers excuſe the above digreſſion upon the miſeries of thouſands of their brethren now ſlaves in Chriſtian territories? Will they heave the ſigh of pity and drop the tear of ſympathy upon human woes? Or will they, indignantly ſhut the book and deſcant upon the abſurdity of mixing ſuch a ſubject with the incidents of a novel?

But again let us remind our cenſurers that we are not amenable to their judicature. We are ſovereigns in our own province, and conſider ourſelves as ſuperior to every petty critic who ſhall preſume to diſplay his unripened judgment upon our performance.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Portland Place.

WE have given Miſs Montague a long night's reſt. Her ſleep was found and refreſhing, notwithſtanding the apprehenſions under which ſhe cloſed her eyes; and ſhe aroſe in the morning perfectly recovered from her fatigue, though not relieved from her ſuſpicions and alarm. She determined however to be as collected as poſſible, and to uſe every method to engage the friendſhip and aſſiſtance of Mrs. Blarney. But our Harriet had another—a greater reſource. However unfaſhionable and, of courſe, contemptible, it may render her in the eyes of fine ladies and gentlemen, ſhe raiſed her mind to Heaven. She implored protection of the Almighty, and in Him placed her confidence, while ſhe prayed for death, or for deliverance.

As

As it was in Mrs. Blarney's inſtructions to endeavor to procure the good opinion of Miſs Montague, ſhe conducted herſelf with the utmoſt decorum; and talking in the language of virtue, lamented the infatuation of Mr. Blarney reſpecting *her couſin* Millemont, to whom he was ſo extremely partial, as always to comply with all that gentleman's requeſts. From this cauſe proceeded the reſtraint under which ſhe was ſorry to ſay that ſhe had been compelled to promiſe to keep Miſs Montague during her reſidence in her houſe, where ſhe ſhould be happy to make her abode as agreeable as a confined ſituation would admit. Mrs. Blarney then artfully painted, in glowing colors, the ardency of Captain Millemont's affection for her lovely priſoner, and enlarged upon the beauty and elegance of his perſon; the brilliancy of his underſtanding; the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition; the magnificence of his fortune; the conſequence of his connexions, with the reputation which he had acquired in the line of

his profeſſion; and ſummed up the whole with an obſervation that his lady would be one of the moſt envied women in England. She was aſtoniſhed, as ſhe obſerved, on finding, *ſince her arrival*, that the violence of the captain's paſſion had impelled him to take an undue method of endeavoring to ſecure ſo lovely a prize; but ſhe muſt needs ſay that the temptation would almoſt excuſe the action, which ſhe hoped a ſhort time would induce Miſs Montague not only to pardon, but reward.

To the above harangue, Harriet liſtened in almoſt perfect ſilence. Her grief, at firſt, prevented her from ſpeaking, and as Mrs. Blarney proceeded, her manner and the turn of her countenance, notwithſtanding ſhe uſed all poſſible circumſpection, infuſing into the mind of Miſs Montague a ſuſpicion of duplicity, ſhe inſtantly determined to be upon her guard, and to forbear ſaying anything which might inflame her goalers, or precipitate her wretched deſtiny. As ſhe endeavored therefore to aſſume

aſſume an air of ſerenity, Mrs. Blarney was perſuaded that ſhe would, in proceſs of time, be induced to yield to the wiſhes of the captain. This idea ſhe imparted to the two gentlemen below ſtairs, and it was in conſequence agreed that Miſs Montague ſhould not at preſent be too ſtrongly ſolicited; much leſs be treated with violence, as Millemont had ſo much ſentiment mixed with his paſſion, as to lead him to wiſh for a continued, rather than a tranſient engagement. Our Harriet, therefore, enjoyed full liberty within the houſe; had free acceſs to a large and tolerably well furniſhed library, with permiſſion to uſe pen, ink, and paper, though not to diſpatch any letters. She, however, addreſſed her writings to her Lucy, with a hope, that ſome incident might favor her tranſmitting to Spencer Aviary an account of her diſtreſs and of her reſidence: for being allowed to go in company with Mrs. Blarney, into the upper front rooms, the windows of which were well ſecured, ſhe perfectly knew to

what part of the Town ſhe had been conveyed, as (though the circumſtance was not ſufficiently material to our hiſtory to be mentioned) the Percivals had frequently made excurſions to London, during her reſidence at Beverly, and ſhe never was left behind.

Day after day, did Miſs Montague watch and wait in vain for an opportunity of taking ſome ſtep to procure her own enlargement. Every avenue to an eſcape was ſtrictly guarded, and every poſſibility of conveying a letter out of the houſe, precluded. Reading and writing employed one great portion of her time; but when Millemont was at home, ſhe was obliged to hear his profeſſions of affection, to which ſhe ſeldom gave any other anſwer than that ſhe was too much in the condition of a ſlave to talk upon a ſubject which required the determination of free-will. She urged ſometimes on theſe occaſions with unreſtrainable vehemence, for the liberty of which, with unparalleled audacity and injuſtice,

juſtice, he had deprived her. To this he made the replies uſual on ſuch occaſions—that the little hope he had of being the object of her choice while ſhe reſided at Beverly—his unbounded affection, which rendered it impoſſible for him to think himſelf bleſt without her—his determination to make her the happieſt of womankind, &c. &c. had impelled him to proceed in the manner which he had done—that he never could ſet *her* free till ſhe had conſented to bind *him*, and that ſhe muſt be cautious not to drive him to acts of deſperation; a menace which had at one time, ſo great an effect upon her, that ſhe fainted; fell from her ſeat, and ſank at his feet. By this circumſtance he was, in ſome degree, affected; but Mrs. Blarney entering the room on his ringing the bell, he was by her intimations almoſt led to think that the fainting fair would be more reconciled when all was over, and was tempted to uſe the dreadful opportunity of ending that part of her diſtreſs occaſioned by ſuſpence.

But Miſs Montague's fainting was attended with convulſions, and her ſituation appeared ſo alarming that every fiend in the houſe (for the ſervants all knew the buſineſs for which they were ſelected) was ſedulous in aſſiſting her recovery. After this, the captain laid aſide all intention of proceeding to extremities till his entrance on ſhipboard, and the terrified Harriet was deterred from again expreſſing, in ſuch ſtrong terms, her indignation at being a priſoner; though ſhe never would tarniſh her ſincerity by giving him room to hope that ſhe would favor his addreſs. When ſhe was left to herſelf, her reflection a ſecond time almoſt overpowered her ſenſes. The idea of what her beloved Henry would endure, and what conſtruction he would be led to put upon her diſappearance, had always been the ſharpeſt pang which her boſom knew, and at this juncture it ſo ſtrongly recurred that it drove her to the verge of diſtraction. Terrified as ſhe was, when ſhe was firſt ſeized by Millemont and his myrmidons,

myrmidons, ſhe was yet ſenſible by the conduct of the Percivals and of Mrs. Mitchel (which afterwards, more than at the time, ſtruck upon her imagination) that they were acceſſary to the outrage committed upon her; and as ſhe did not doubt that their motive for the commiſſion of ſo barbarous an act was to remove her as an obſtacle to the views of Miſs Percival, ſhe naturally concluded that they would repreſent her conduct in very dark colors to her Henry: but ſhe endeavored to conſole herſelf with frequently peruſing the letters which had paſſed between them, during the ſeveral days of her confinement at Beverly; having kept in her pocket-book thoſe of Mr. Seymour and copies of her own, that ſhe might ſhow them to Lucy at their firſt interview. She was, likewiſe, more eaſy with reſpect to Miſs Spencer, from the recollection of what ſhe had written to her during the ſame period; little thinking that the elucidating letters had never reached the hands of thoſe kind, ten-

der, faithful friends to whom they were addreſſed, but had ſerved as ſubjects of ridicule to the moſt deſtroying fiends that ever diſgraced the name of women.

Hapleſs Harriet!! We lament, we deplore thy miſerable fate! and are grieved that the truth of thy deſtiny commands us to proceed with an account of thy diſtreſſes, which we wiſh that we had authority to ſay had now reached their higheſt point: but alas! the heavieſt preſſure was yet unborne—the preſſure which cruſhed her almoſt to the ground, and rendered her one of the moſt wretched of her ſex.

As Millemont was deſirous to amuſe Miſs Montague, and to render her confinement as little irkſome as poſſible, he ordered a printer to ſupply her with the productions of the day; ſuch as newſpapers, magazines; reviews; light pamphlets, &c. that it might not appear that they were ſent on her account, he directed them to be carcleſsly thrown upon the table in the library. Wandering about in a truly

"melancholy

" melancholy mood," ſhe ſometimes took up one or other of theſe publications, ſcarcely knowing what ſhe did, or what ſhe read, and merely becauſe her own ideas were inſupportable. It was in one of theſe hours of vacancy, that ſhe accidentally unfolded a morning paper which had lain there ſeveral days, and ſkimming over the contents, a paſſage printed in rather diſtinguiſhable type, caught her eye. She read a line. She ſtarted. She attempted to read on, but was almoſt prevented by agitation. Her eye ſought the end of the paragraph. She was ſtill unaſſured of its import, and therefore began again, and, at length, reached the concluſion.

Our ſuſceptible readers will quickly be alive to the feelings of the fair ſufferer, when they peruſe the copy of the paragraph by which ſhe was ſo greatly affected, and which we here give verbatim.

" The elopement mentioned in a for-
" mer paper, of a beautiful young lady
" from B-y-rly Lodge in a County not far

" from that of Middleſex, with the gallant " Captain Millemont, is likely to be pro- " ductive of an immediate union between " Mr. S-ym-r, the deſerted lover and Miſs " Sp-nc-r, the boſom friend of the fair run- " away. Matters were inſtantly put *en* " *train*, as the young gentleman (contrary " to the wiſhes of his guardian, who in- " tended him for his own daughter) went " poſt to Sp-nc-r Aviary upon information " of Miſs M-nt-g-e's infidelity, and offered " himſelf to Miſs S. who, with the ready " concurrence of her friends accepted his " *tendreſſe*.

" The fugitive fair embarked with her " military lover, the day after her arrival " in London, on board the Ceres, bound " for the Weſt Indies, were the gentleman " has a conſiderable eſtate."

With amazement—with a diſbelief of the evidence of her ſenſes—with a perſua- ſion that ſhe was under the illuſion of a dream, did Harriet peruſe the above intel- ligence. Again ſhe read it; and again; ſtill

ſtill endeavoring to perſuade herſelf that her eyes had deceived her. For a few moments, ſhe laid down the fatal paper and endeavored to collect her powers of reaſoning, but in vain; the paper was again reſorted to; ſhe once more read the paſſage over in aſtoniſhment and caſting her eyes down lower, the following, amongſt the articles of births, &c. preſented itſelf.

"Yeſterday was married at St. John's "Weſtminſter, by the Lord biſhop of "Norwich, Henry Seymour, Eſq. of Mar-"tin's Priory Leiceſterſhire, to Miſs Spencer "of Spencer Aviary. The gentleman is li-"neally deſcended from a noble family, and "has a handſome eſtate. The young lady "is perfectly accompliſhed and amiable, "and will have a large fortune: the union "therefore is a circumſtance perfectly "agreeable to the relations of both the "parties.

"N. B. Our ſecond column which con-"tains the paragraph relative to the elope-"ment of Miſs M-nt-g-e, was printed off

" before we were favored with the preced-
" ing article. We did not then imagine
" the marriage would have been ſo ſpeedily
" celebrated."

Nearly petrified by aſtoniſhment, Harriet held the paper in her hand ſome moments after her eye had reached the laſt ſyllable of the above. She then ran to a window in a paroxyſm of deſpair, thruſt her head through one of the ſquares and ſeemed as if we wanted to burſt the bars and jump down; but her ſtrength failed; her reaſon was overturned, and ſhe fell upon the floor in convulſions. The windows of the library opened into a back ſquare ſurrounded by the offices belonging to the houſe, and the broken glaſs, falling on the pavement, alarmed the ſervants in the kitchen, who ran upſtairs to Mrs. Blarney to acquaint her with the circumſtance. On this alarm Mrs. Blarney haſtened into the room and found Miſs Montague upon the carpet entirely ſenſeleſs and the handkerchief upon her neck ſtained

with

with blood. She thereupon immediately rang for affiſtants to convey the ſeemingly expiring Harriet to her bed, and Mr. Blarney haſtened to ſummon Captain Millemont, who was that day gone to dine with a nobleman in St. James's. When the gentlemen returned, they met Mrs. Blarney upon the ſtairs in the greateſt fright imaginable. Miſs Montague was ungovernable. She had recovered the uſe of her ſenſes, but her reaſon was gone. She raved, and ſtruggled for liberty; threatening deſtruction on all who oppoſed her going out, and vehemently inſiſted upon being her own miſtreſs. With the aſſiſtance of the ſervants, Mrs. Blarney had endeavored to ſecure her arms, and ſtop the bleeding which iſſued from a wound on one ſide of her throat, given, as it was conjectured, by herſelf; but ſhe could not effect her deſign, for the ſtrength Miſs Montague exerted on this occaſion was aſtoniſhing. She furiouſly puſhed away every one that approached her, and tore

off

off the bandage which they had put round her neck; ſo, that locking the door, they thought it beſt to give way to her, in ſome meaſure, till the Captain's arrival, as by ſtruggling they were apprehenſive of increaſing the bleeding, and by ſending for medical aſſiſtance, they might expoſe themſelves to detection: for Harriet in her frenzy, though as yet unacquainted with the full extent of their infamous deſigns againſt her, was perpetually charging them with being accomplices in her deſtruction.

When Millemont and the Blarneys entered the room, ſhe ſprang to the door and driving backward the lady as ſhe followed the others, attempted to force her way into the gallery: but the Captain caught her in his arms, and with the moſt ſoothing words entreated her to be compoſed, aſſuring her that a coach ſhould be called, and that ſhe ſhould go wherever ſhe pleaſed, provided ſhe would permit Mrs. Blarney to waſh the blood from her neck; dreſs the wound, and put her on ſome clean linen, as it would

would be highly improper for her to appear abroad in her preſent condition. For a moment ſhe ſeemed to liſten, and looked as if ſhe was conſidering upon the matter; but preſently ſhe ſtartled, and caſt her eyes about in wild confuſion; then talked in incoherent language and again inſiſted upon going abroad *that moment*. After ſome time, her ſpirits ſubſided and ſhe ſat in a kind of ſtupor, during which, they waſhed, and inſpected the wound, which (not thinking about the broken window) they ſtill concluded that ſhe had herſelf occaſioned. Mrs. Blarney, at Millemont's inſtigation, gave her a cordial of a compoſing quality; a doſe in which this dexterous dame was perfectly ſkilled; having ſeveral times adminiſtered it to ſtifle a ſenſe of that diſtreſs which it had firſt aſſiſted to create. Harriet, overpowered by previous contention, ſoon yielded to the powers of the ſomnific cup, and then they ventured to ſend for a man [he did not merit the appellation of a gentleman] of the faculty, with

with whom Mrs. Blarney had ſome acquaintance. The wound—upon examination found to be ſlight—was then dreſſed and ſome reſtorative drops ordered to be adminiſtered as ſoon as ſhe ſhould awake. When he had diſcharged his office, the man of medicine took his leave, carrying with him ſome ſuſpicion, which he deemed it would be moſt profitable to keep to himſelf, reſpecting the truth of thoſe circumſtances to which he had been a witneſs.

For ſeveral days, the lovely object of the Captain's attention, continued in a ſtate of delirium, and her fever increaſed with ſuch rapidity that all her perſecutors were alarmed with apprehenſions for her life: at length however the goodneſs of her conſtitution ſurmounted her diſeaſe, and ſhe was judged to be in a ſtate of convaleſcence.

The ſagacious reader need not be told that the paragraphs in the newſpapers which had ſo deeply affected Miſs Montague, were of Millemont's fabrication. He had, indeed,

indeed, bribed the printer to alter the preſs for the one laſt ſtruck off: and this produced in part the effect which was intended by it, as it perſuaded her that Seymour was for ever loſt to her, by his union with Lucy Spencer; but it created no alteration in her ſentiments reſpecting the Captain. Her rejection of him was founded upon principle.

During the period of Harriet's illneſs, Captain Harding, the commander of the veſſel, whom Millemont had engaged to carry himſelf; *his lady*; two men and one woman ſervant, to Jamaica, informed him that he ſhould be ready to ſail in a few days. This was a perplexing piece of intelligence, as Harding was a man who would not openly aid an illegal meaſure, though he would connive at what he called a trifling breach of the laws, provided the bribe was ſufficiently large to overcome the whiſperings of his almoſt conquered conſcience. However, upon hearing a fabricated tale reſpecting *the unhappy derangement*

of

of Mrs. Millemont, on account of her having been detected in an improper ſituation with an Officer in the Guards, Harding, who pretended to believe what he ſuſpected was falſe, agreed to receive the lady on board his ſhip while under the influence of a powerful narcotic. This Millemont ſuggeſted as a neceſſary expedient, aſſuring Harding that ſhe had not only refuſed to go with her huſband, as ſhe had previouſly promiſed, to his Weſt-Indian Eſtate, but had inſiſted alſo upon being ſeparated from him by formal articles.

Preliminaries being thus arranged between theſe two noble commanders, Mrs. Blarney was commiſſioned to procure proper apparel and other neceſſaries for the devoted Harriet. She was to be attended in her voyage by Hannah Jenkins and the two footmen, who had long been retained by Millemont on account of their adroitneſs in managing his intrigues.

At length the fatal hour arrived. Miſs Montague, by the force of medicine, was thrown

thrown into a deep ſleep; put into a chair, and conveyed on board the ſhip in ſo gentle a manner that ſhe never awoke till ſeveral hours after it was under ſail. The doſe indeed was ſo ſtrong that it had nearly ſaved her from all ſubſequent diſtreſſes. When ſhe firſt opened her eyes, ſhe looked around her in aſtoniſhment: but, ſeeing Hannah at her bedſide, ſhe thought herſelf ſcarcely recovered from a dream, and after aſking for ſomething to drink, cloſed again her ſtill heavy eyes, and remained perfectly quiet till a ſudden motion of the veſſel occaſioned her to ſtart up in her bed, and give a faint ſcream. Millemont now approached, and ſeeing her look wildly (for having been ſenſible of her former delirium, ſhe believed that her reaſon had again deſerted her) he endeavoured to ſoothe her with all the tenderneſs which he poſſeſſed, and upon her demanding to know where ſhe was, he acquainted her by degrees with the truth of her ſituation.

And now, reader, we confeſs ourſelves unequal

unequal to the taſk of deſcribing the diſtreſſes of the truly wretched Harriet. The poignancy of her grief can only be imagined by thoſe who, in ſome degree, have experienced ſimilar anguiſh.

Pauſe here awhile my good friends; ſhut your outward eyes, and let fancy preſent Miſs Montague in the confined cabin of a Weſt-Indiaman, upon the boſom of the deep; ſea-ſick, and otherwiſe extremely ill; deploring—not ſimply the loſs of a man for whom ſhe had the pureſt and moſt fervent affection—and of a friend whoſe ſympathy had hitherto ſoftened all her ſorrows, but in the union of theſe two, under the belief of her perfidy and depravity, an event which muſt render it impoſſible for either to be reſtored to her. The loſs of their good opinion—the deteſtation with which they muſt think of her, was the ſevereſt part of her affliction. Could ſhe have hoped that they remembered her with affection—that they pitied her deſtiny, and ſympathiſed together for her loſs, it would

would have ſoftened the ſenſe of her ſorrows: but to be conſidered by Seymour and Lucy Spencer as a deceitful, wanton, degenerate creature—as having preferred a man of *Millemont*'s character—it was more than ſhe could ſupport. The deprivation of her other friends—the ſentiments of the world at large, grievous as in themſelves, were theſe conſiderations, appeared as trifles, when put into the balance, with the loſs of Henry and Lucy. To fill the meaſure of her woes, ſhe was entirely in the power of a *lawleſs* and abandoned libertine, of whoſe vile deſigns ſhe could no longer entertain any doubt: for Hannah (more groſs than Mrs. Blarney, whoſe ſpecious manner and aſſumed gentleneſs, veiled, in ſome degree, her fraudulence,) talked to her in a language that ſhocked her ſenſe of hearing, and diſcloſed the horrors of her proſpects. Captain Harding addreſſed her as the wife of Millemont; and the two footmen impreſſed the ſhip's crew with

with a belief of their miſtreſs's faulty conduct towards her huſband.

Thus was every reſource, every ray of hope and comfort ſhut from the view of our poor Harriet. Without friends—without money to purchaſe aſſiſtance [for Mrs. Blarney, during her illneſs, had taken out of her pockets every ſixpence, under pretence of its being impolitic to leave her the power of bribing her attendants]—what could ſave her from the deſtruction which awaited her!

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The Voyage.

THE ways of the Wiſdom of Providence are unſearchable; and its goodneſs is a ſolid rock of never-failing defence to all who reſt upon it in confidence. It never did—It never *will*—It never CAN deceive them.

The

The great—the Divine ſyſtem of Chriſtianity, diſincumbered from the obſcurities in which its pretended friends have involved it will infuſe its conſolation through the deepeſt adverſity; and with its "ſmall, "ſtill voice," will aſſure its ſuffering votaries that the morning will at laſt dawn upon them, and that their ſouls ſhall again know peace and gladneſs.

Harriet Montague, young as ſhe was, and gay as was the diſpoſition which ſhe inherited from nature, drew her ſupport from the great reſources of religion: a circumſtance which, as we are apprehenſive, will ſo far degrade her in the eſtimation of perſons of the *ton*; that the conſideration of her youth; beauty; underſtanding; ſweetneſs of temper and various accompliſhments will perhaps be inſufficient to reinſtate her in their regard. But ſhe was more than paid O readers! for your ſcorn, by the conſolation which ſhe received from her hope—her confidence in Infinite Clemency. Ye are not, ye unlearned in this ſcience!

ſcience! to ſuppoſe that ſhe was happy, or even tranquil in her ſituation. No; ſhe was weighed down by grief: ſhe was oppreſſed by accumulated ſorrows, and the moſt horrid proſpects were preſented to her view. Nay, ſometimes deſpondency prevailed, and reaſon ſeemed to dictate to her that future happineſs was an impoſſibility which ſhe muſt not hope to attain. She would then wonder that ſhe could ever cheriſh what ſhe would then call ſo deluſive an idea. *For had ſhe her liberty, to whom could ſhe fly for protection! The whole family of the Lodge, ſhe was convinced, was privy, if not acceſſary, to the violence which had been committed upon her. And could ſhe apply to the Spencers! The thought was torture. Could ſhe undeceive them! Or if ſhe could, would not the knowledge of her innocence fill them with regret, and poiſon all their felicity! But allowing there was a general reconciliation, could ſhe ſupport the idea of ſeeing her Lucy, Mrs.* SEYMOUR! *Oh! no! it was not to be endured. To*

what

what ſpot, then, could ſhe, with ſafety, direct her ſteps.

This, when deſpair prevailed, was the ſubſtance of her ſoliloquies: for it is not to be ſuppoſed that the comfort which we have affirmed to be deduced from a perfect reliance on Almighty mercy, is conſtantly to baniſh a ſenſe of misfortune. Surely not, for then ſuffering would be entirely at an end. All circumſtances would be alike; and troubles, which are ſent with the benign intention of fitting us for a happier ſtate, by purifying our hearts, would then be diveſted of their effect. It is at times, only, when we are under heavy afflictions, that this brightneſs illumines our proſpects, and gives momentary but efficient vigour to our hope and faith.

Whoever has experienced the truth of the above doctrine, will ſubſcribe to our opinion. Whoever has not, will ridicule our tenets and remain an infidel. Wiſhing, therefore, to the latter a portion of

valuable wiſdom, we will proceed with our ſtory.

In the depth of her diſtreſs, Miſs Montague had hope of deliverance.

How ſhall that hope be realized?

Muſt we raiſe a ſtorm; ſink the ſhip; drown all the reſt on board, and effect her eſcape by means of a part of the wreck? Shall Millemont be ſuddenly ſtricken by remorſe? Or ſhall a hero ſtart up from amongſt the ſailors?

No; a cowardly avarice was the means of her ſafety through the dangers of her voyage; for ſtealing one evening upon deck while the gentlemen were at ſupper; the men ſervants attending and her guard Hannah overpowered by the fumes of rum, a liquor of which ſhe was extremely fond, ſhe haſtily walked to the ſtern of the ſhip, and wringing her hands, in evident diſtreſs, appeared to one of the ſailors who ſtood obſerving her, to have a deſign of throwing herſelf overboard. With this perſuaſion he ſprang to her; claſped her in his arms,

and

and ordered a boy to call Captain Harding. He accordingly ſoon appeared, and underſtanding the circumſtances, artfully began to expoſtulate with her, and adviſed her to conduct herſelf with more ſhow of regard to a huſband whoſe affection for her was, upon all occaſions, very evident.

The indignant Harriet, upon this addreſs, aſſumed a compoſed and determined air, bidding the commander, at his peril, countenance any farther illegal meaſures againſt her; telling him, in the preſence of the ſailors, who had gathered round them, that he very well knew that ſhe was *not married* to Captain Millemont; that ſhe never intended to be his wife, and that if Captain Harding perſiſted to aid her deſtruction, ſhe would appeal to the laws in the firſt land upon which ſhe ſhould ſet her feet, where juſtice preſided; that ſhe underſtood Mr. Long was his employer, and ſhe doubted not, as ſhe was perſonally, as well as by character acquainted with that gentleman, that he would cauſe all poſſible

retribution to be made for what ſhe might ſuffer in her voyage.

At the mention of Mr. Long, Harding ſtood aghaſt. He well knew the ſtrictneſs of his integrity; and being convinced that he would not ſhut his ears to a complainant, till he had inveſtigated the cauſe and found it groundleſs, immediately determined to change ſides, and, Millemont that inſtant coming upon deck to learn the occaſion of the commander's being ſummoned from his ſupper, he with ſettled aſſurance, upbraided him with falſehood reſpecting his pretended marriage; and obſerved that as he was now convinced the lady was not Millemont's wife, it was his duty, and ſhould be his care, to ſee that no violence was offered to her perſon during her reſidence in his ſhip.

Harriet, upon this, was tranſported with joy, and thanked Harding with the livelieſt expreſſions of gratitude, while Millemont ſtood aſtoniſhed at the ſcene. Suppoſing however that Harding was acting an artful

part,

part, in order to befriend him, he ſaid only that he thought himſelf obliged by any ſentiments expreſſed in favor of his Harriet, to whom, notwithſtanding her unkindneſs to himſelf, he was moſt tenderly attached; and that therefore, though the doubts which had been ſuggeſted of his honor, called for his reſentment, he would let them paſs unnoticed; aſſuring every one preſent that the lady was truly and lawfully his, as his ſervants could teſtify.

"I am *not*—I am *not* his wife—I never "will be—" exclaimed the agitated fair. "I would die ſooner than give"—

"Huſh! huſh my love," ſaid Millemont in a raiſed tone, to drown her ſofter voice, as, aſſiſted by his people, he carried her from the deck; "your delirium will re-"turn if you thus permit the violence of "your temper to predominate. You *are* "mine, and *ſhall be* mine till the exiſtence "of one of us be terminated."

In vain did the reſiſting Harriet endeavor to declare the truth of her circumſtances

to the liſtening ſailors. The prejudice was gone out againſt her, and they all adhered to Millemont, whoſe addreſs and generoſity had ſecured every voice in his favor.

On being carried to her cabin, ſhe was conſigned to the care of the too truſty Humphrey, till the evaporating fumes of the rum ſhould leave the confuſed brain of the then ſnoring Hannah.

When Miſs Montague was ſecured from again appearing upon deck, Captain Millemont returned to Captain Harding, to inquire into the cauſe of the buſtle, when he was aſtoniſhed at the continued alteration of Harding's language and manner, which Millemont had imagined to be only aſſumed, for the purpoſe of quieting his fair priſoner.

A ſharp and long dialogue now enſued between theſe noble commanders, which, were it to be given verbatim, might exhibit a picture of the minds of many in the ſame diſtinguiſhed ſituations; but the reſpect which we entertain for both our marine

and

and land officers, induces us to ſuppreſs the relation, leſt our readers ſhould imbibe prejudices to the diſadvantage of theſe gentlemen in general. To ſecure Captain Harding to his intereſt, Captain Millemont offered him a conſiderable ſum, in addition to what he had before received, but he was not to be corrupted by gold; at leaſt not by the portion tendered by the other gentleman. He was in poſſeſſion of the paſſage money for Millemont and his family, and he feared, from the threats of Miſs Montague, the loſs of his ſhip and entire diſgrace, ſhould his conduct ever reach the knowledge of Mr. Long. He ſoftened however his refuſal of aſſiſtance to the lover, by telling him that whatever favor he could procure from the lady's conſent, he ſhould congratulate him upon, though he could not permit any violence to be uſed during her reſidence on board his ſhip. Millemont now gueſſing the motive of Harding's refuſal, ironically complimented him upon the purity of his principles, and

added, that he thought himſelf greatly obliged to ſo rigid a virtue for that relaxation of ſentiment which gave him leave to make the veſſel a brothel, provided that the commander could be ſecured againſt the conſequences.

After conſiderable abuſe on both ſides, a reconciliation enſued on Harding's promiſing to facilitate Miſs Montague's conveyance to the country houſe of Captain Millemont on their arrival at Jamaica: and this he effected by diſpatching a boat to land with a ſervant, who had orders to wait with a carriage at a little diſtance from the town. The plan was executed to the wiſhes of its projectors, and after a ſtormy and otherwiſe diſtreſſing voyage of eleven weeks and four days, our lovely Harriet was conducted to her deſtined habitation, in a very pleaſant ſituation not far from St. Jago, near which place Millemont's eſtate was conſiderable. Behind the houſe was an extended wood, the path through which, led to a plain that gave a proſpect of Port-

Paſſage,

Paſſage, a Sea-port town ſix or ſeven miles from St. Jago, and not far from Kingſton.

The terrors which ſeized Miſs Montague when ſhe found herſelf in a ſpot ſecluded from all authority but that of the man whom ſhe continued to deteſt, cannot be conveyed by any language with which we are acquainted. We will therefore leave it to our ſuſceptible and ſympathizing friends to form an idea of what ſhe muſt have endured upon the diſappointment of the expectation which ſhe had formed of being carried to a town, where ſhe hoped to be able to force an appeal to ſome perſon in power.

CHAP. LXXVII.

Scenes at Citron Grove.

FOR ſeveral days Miſs Montague endured the *tender* perſecutions of Captain Millemont, when foreſeeing that perſuaſives would be vain, he began to aſſume a ſtronger tone, and to employ ſterner language. After offering her his hand and fortune in a legal way, which he did not however intend, that ſhe ſhould legally poſſeſs, he bade her conſider that ſhe was totally in his power and that it was not likely that he ſhould have taken ſuch pains and have been at ſuch expenſe without the aſſurance of reaping the expected reward: that, therefore, ſhe would do wiſely to comply with his offered terms, ſince, if ſhe refuſed, he had determined upon her being his *without* terms.

This intimation had, in ſome meaſure,

the

the desired effect upon the attentive Harriet. She hesitated; blushed, and looked confused; and from these symptoms the sanguine lover presaged, what he thought, the happiest conclusion. He hoped that she would now accede to his proposal of matrimony; which great point gained, he doubted not of succeeding in his more atrocious designs. But he greatly erred in his conjectures. Her hesitation; her blushes, her confusion, proceeded not, as he imagined, from an inclining weakness in his favor, but from an increase of terror at the more immediate danger of her situation, mixed with a contempt which she did not dare to evince, for the principles that he now so plainly avowed. Struck with a thought that she must necessarily dissemble her abhorrence of both the man and his measures, she stood silent without daring to raise her eyes to his, lest any expression from them, of her sentiments, should precipitate her destruction. Millemont viewed her with rapture; his soul was on fire, and

but for his expectation of the consent with which he now hoped to be favored, the next hour would not have left aught for *him* to wish or for *her* to apprehend. He now again addressed her in the kindest language; assuring her of his unalterable affection, and promising to comply with every thing which she could desire. Fortunately for Harriet, who was but little skilled in dissimulation, a summons just then arrived for Millemont to attend a gentleman at the gate, and this gave her leisure to collect her ideas; to see the necessity of concealing her aversion, and to ask a stated time for consideration.

When Millemont returned, he found Harriet in a deep reverie, and drawing a favorable omen from the placidness of her air, he not only complied with all her requisitions, but gave her even more time than she demanded; procrastination, with respect to the marriage ceremony, well suiting the villainy of his projects. He told her, and he told her truly that he only

only wanted her conſent to be his ſome time or other, and that he would rely on her generoſity to fix an early period. Calculated as theſe aſſurances were to quiet the mind of Miſs Montague, they were accompanied by a manner which only increaſed her alarms, and convinced her that ſhe muſt purſue ſome deſperate method, or be a ſacrifice to the deſigns of an abandoned libertine. This opinion was confirmed by a converſation between Millemont and her jailor Hannah, which ſhe overheard while ſhe was in vain endeavoring to explore ſome means of eſcape from a long gallery that led to various apartments. When ſhe was firſt impriſoned at Citron Grove—the name given by the Captain to his Weſt Indian eſtate—her ſanguine temper led her to depend on the aſſiſtance of ſome one of the many gentlemen who viſited there, to whom ſhe determined to appeal for redreſs. But this hope proved fallacious. The ſentiments of Millemont's friends too well agreed with his reſpecting the fair ſex, to induce

them

them to give her the protection which she demanded. Of this, she had very soon undoubted proof, for one evening, as the captain was surrounded by a large party, she rushed from her apartment, followed by the clamorous Hannah, who was unable to overtake her, into the dining room, where, almost frantic with distress, she told the circumstances of her situation with an energy and pathos that must have affected hearts of humanity, but which made not the least impression upon those of her auditors. Swearing that she was an Angel, they rallied the captain upon his keeping her so close; telling him that it was a proof of his consciousness of his want of power to detain her by the ties of love. A great deal of ribaldry passed upon the occasion, and from indecent language, they proceeded to such acts of freedom as soon drove her in indignation from the room. After this she made another effort to procure a protector by appealing to another party whom she met, as attended by Hannah

nah (out of whoſe ſight ſhe never was truſted), ſhe was walking in a piece of pleaſure ground at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe. By this groupe ſhe was received in the ſame manner as by the firſt; and Millemont, proud of the praiſes given to Harriet's beauty, preſſed her to grace his table by her preſence at dinner: but this ſhe peremptorily refuſed, being now convinced that all who viſited him were of principles too diſſolute to afford her any aſſiſtance. But ſtill deſirous of making one more trial, ſhe took advantage of a ſlight indiſpoſition, and requeſted to have ſome medical advice, reaſonably concluding that ſhe could not fail of ſecuring to her intereſt a man who, by profeſſion, was a friend to the afflicted. But diſappointment again ſucceeded to expectation. Doctor Watſon diſgraced his fraternity; all his anſwer to the lovely Harriet's requeſt for aſſiſtance, was, that he ſhould be extremely happy to be able to benefit her *health*, but that he did not profeſs to be a phyſician to the mind;

mind; that he ſhould not ſuſpect her's could be diſeaſed, as he was convinced that the admirable qualities of Captain Millemont, whom he was proud to call his friend, were all employed to render her life a ſcene of felicity.

Harriet was, at once, ſilenced by this ſpeech, which clearly indicated that ſhe muſt not expect aſſiſtance from this Doctor of phyſic, who was, indeed, as much of a libertine as Millemont himſelf.

We do not intend to carry our readers through all the diſtreſſes under which Miſs Montague labored, during her captivity at Citron Grove. It is ſufficient that we prevent their forming ſo erroneous an opinion as that of her quietly ſubmitting to reſide there. Every moment was employed in planning the means of eſcape; but ſo faithfully were the commands of Millemont obeyed, and ſo ſtrictly was ſhe guarded by the female dragon to whoſe care ſhe was committed, that her ſchemes proved abortive

tive and ſhe was left to bewail her deſtiny with unavailing lamentations.

We will now revert to the circumſtance of Miſs Montague's overhearing an alarming converſation between Millemont and the infamous Hannah. In this it was agreed that Harriet was to be treated with increaſed reſpect, and to have the liberty of walking where ſhe pleaſed, with a proper attendant; but not to be indulged in her frequent requeſt of ſleeping in a chamber by herſelf. Hannah had likewiſe orders to provide a ſecond key to the door of their apartment, that after it had been locked by Miſs Montague, as it regularly was, it might, without her knowledge, be again unlocked, if circumſtances ſhould render ſuch a plan eligible.

When ſhe had thus accidentally obtained this information, the terrified Harriet haſtened to her apartment, more apprehenſive of danger than at any former period. What then was her reſource! A very ungenteel one in our opinion, though the only

only one upon which mortals can rely with either ſafety or certainty. SHE BENT HER KNEES AND RAISED HER MIND TO GOD.

Her prayer was heard. Her mind was comforted, and ſhe ſoon after endured the preſence of her perſecutors without any diſcompoſure of ſpirits.

From whence, ſay O ye worldly wiſe! was this ſerenity derived?

Was it from a ſtoical apathy of thought?

Was it from the dictates of taught philoſophy?

Was it from bravery of ſpirit—from the exerted reſolution of a tender, timid female mind?

No; with only theſe aſſiſtants, the lovely Harriet muſt have ſunk under accumulated and accumulating woe. Deſpair would have bowed her ſoul to the earth, and probably ſelf-deſtruction have cloſed the ſcene of her ſublunary wretchedneſs. But her ſoul was quieted. The tempeſt in her mind was bid to ceaſe, and the "*Still* "*ſmall voice*" aſſured her of the protection of Heaven.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

Miſs Montague determines to attempt an Eſcape.

OUR young readers, and perhaps many of their ſeniors, are diſguſted with the ſerious ſentiments which often irreſiſtibly intrude with the incidents which we are buſy in relating. An habitual belief of the conſtant inſpection and protection of Providence renders us, we muſt confeſs, but ill-calculated to pleaſe the gay ones of the preſent age. We have notwithſtanding, as much conviviality in our compoſition as any miſs or maſter, old or young, in the gayeſt circles round the metropolis; and were it not for the misfortune of being poſſeſſed with an ardent deſire of beneſiting, as well as of amuſing, our ſubjects in general, we could perhaps preſent them with *as much fun* as ever diſtended the roſy

lips

lips of a modern belle at the repreſentation of a modern farce.

During the enſuing night and the next day, Harriet was totally engroſſed with concerting ſome probable means of eſcape from the vigilance of the watchful Hannah, who, though ſhe pretended to leave her at liberty to walk where ſhe pleaſed, during a few hours abſence of the captain, took care not to let her be beyond the limits of her obſervation. Miſs Montague could, therefore, only wander about with ſeeming inattention to the ſcenes around, till the advance of evening, when Millemont returned with a large party of gentlemen from Kingſton, the appearance of whom at a diſtance, drove the affrighted fair in haſte to her apartment. Doctor Watſon was amongſt the gentlemen now arrived at Citron Grove. Of him, upon the ſudden projection of a plan which ſhe hoped to be able to execute that night, Harriet deſired an audience; and, upon ſeeing him, complained of want of ſleep, entreating him to provide

provide for her a gentle ſoporific, which ſhe requeſted might be as taſteleſs as poſſible, as ſhe had a ſtrong averſion to every kind of medicine.

Watſon, by nature, a man of gallantry, profeſſed his readineſs to ſerve the lady in all that was compatible with his fidelity to his friend, with whoſe diabolical views he was ſo well acquainted, that an idea inſtantly occurred of the advantage that a little laudanum might poſſibly be of to the cauſe which he was ſo ready to promote. He therefore told his patient that he would diſpatch a ſervant to Kingſton for a ſmall phial of a compoſing liquid, of which ſhe might occaſionally take, to the quantity of thirty or forty drops: but he enjoined her always to inform her attendant of the time of her uſing it, that every thing about her might be kept perfectly quiet:—ſo ſedulous was this diſgrace to human Nature to facilitate the deſtruction of one of its greateſt ornaments.

The drug was ſpeedily procured—the gentlemen

gentlemen were aſſembled in the ſaloon, and Hannah attended Miſs Montague to inquire what ſhe choſe to eat.

"Only a ſmall piece of biſcuit with a "little rum and water," was Harriet's reply; requeſting ſome orange peel might be added to the beverage.

Rum and water—or rather rum without water, was, as Miſs Montague well knew, Hannah's favorite liquor, of which ſhe would frequently drink very freely. The viands were ſoon ſet before her; when, requeſting Hannah to go down for a little more water, ſhe poured into the mixture a ſufficient quantity of laudanum for the purpoſe which ſhe wiſhed to effect, and complaining, on her duenna's return of a diſagreeable bitterneſs in the liquor which ſhe did not like, ſhe refuſed to drink it. It was in vain that Hannah aſſured her it was only from the peel of the orange; Harriet continued obſtinate, and ſaid that ſhe was convinced there was ſomething more in it than uſual. Thus did neceſſity

compel

compel one of the moſt ingenuous of female minds to practiſe an artfulneſs foreign and irreconcileable to her character.

Hannah, offended at the intimation of having infuſed improper ingredients, to prove the truth of her aſſertions, and probably to gratify her fondneſs for the liquor, took the baſon, and to the great joy of the trembling maid, whoſe heart bounded at this beginning ſucceſs of her deſign, emptied it at one draught. The effect of the medicated bowl was ſoon evident; and the ſooner perhaps from the vile creature's having helped herſelf pretty largely while preparing what was intended for the lovely Harriet. In a ſhort time Hannah ſtaggered acroſs the room, and throwing herſelf into an armed chair, ſank almoſt immediately into the truly leaden chains of Somnus. Harriet watched the operation of the powerful drug ſome minutes in perfect ſtillneſs, when, being aſſured that the woman could not be eaſily diſturbed, ſhe ventured to ſearch her pocket for the key of

of a door, which, by a private paſſage, opened on a pair of ſtairs deſcending to a back entrance to the garden, and readily found it. Poſſeſſed of this treaſure, ſhe eſſayed to go, being determined to riſk any other danger than that which immediately threatened her; but a perplexity now enſued which did not at firſt occur to her recollection.

During the interval of the ſervants going to Kingſton, Harriet had put a ſmall parcel of clothes into a handkerchief to take with her, in caſe that ſhe ſhould be able to effect her meditated eſcape, and had laid them in her dreſſing room, againſt the door of which the ſleeping Hannah ſat leaning, and now, though ſhe hazarded the trial, her ſtrength was unable to draw the chair from its place. Struck with this unforeſeen miſfortune, ſhe ſtood a few minutes in ſuſpence; till recollecting that if that opportunity ſhould be loſt, another might never offer, ſhe determined to commit herſelf and her future welfare, without any pro-

viſion

viſion for the next day, to Him in whom ſhe truſted. On turning however to the door, a few biſcuits which had been left upon the table caught her eye; theſe ſhe put into her pocket, and reſolutely quitting the apartment, deſcended the ſtairs with trembling ſteps, and arrived at the outward door. This ſhe opened without difficulty and found herſelf in the garden.

Alone; in a Foreign Country; deſtitute of money; undetermined which path to purſue, behold the lovely—the truly charming Harriet Montague! Separated from all that ſhe held dear!—deprived of fame and fortune, and with nothing but deſtruction in her proſpect! Yet ſtill ſhe hoped—ſtill ſhe confided that ſhe ſhould find ſome place of ſafety!

The clock from the turret now ſtruck eight; an hour in which the inhabitants of Jamaica are enveloped in heat and darkneſs, unleſs the ſilver luminary, which had not yet aſcended the horizon, ſupplies the

departed light of the ſcorching ſovereign of the ſky.

Fearful of delay, Miſs Montague haſtened through the garden and ruſhed into a little grove at the bottom of a ſloping lawn, where ſhe ſat down to recover her breath, and to compoſe her fluttered ſpirits. From this place ſhe had a full view of the houſe, which was ſurrounded by lamps, and preſently ſhe ſaw the party of gentlemen iſſue from the ſaloon and fix themſelves upon the lawn, round a table which the ſervants were covering with bottle, bowls, and glaſſes. Alarmed by their appearance, ſhe haſtened through the grove, and purſued a path which, after walking near two miles in the greateſt trepidation, led her to a thick wood, juſt as the moon's verge appeared over an oppoſite lake. In this place ſhe determined to remain through the night, as the extended plain, on all ſides, appeared of an immeaſurable length: but ſhe thought it moſt

prudent

prudent to endeavor to find a paſſage through the wood to the other ſide, that the return of morning might enable her to form ſome idea of the Country, which ſhe wiſhed to explore. Having with difficulty effected her deſign, ſhe aſcended a tree by nature calculated to afford repoſe. It was a fine ſpreading cedar, whoſe branches, entwining gave a commodious alcove. Here ſhe reſted ſecurely, and having been extremely fatigued by her exertions and her alarms, ſhe ſoon loſt every ſenſe of diſtreſs in that ſoft and ſoothing ſleep, which nature often gives to innocence, even when ſurrounded by dangers, but ever denies to guilt, though reclining on beds of down in palaces, and environed by a thouſand guards. From her ſlumbers, which preſented Guardian Angels hovering round her, ſhe did not awake till the harmonious matin of a feathered chorifter, that perched upon her leafy canopy, called her to join his hymn of gratitude, for the protection which they had both experienced from their mutual Creator.

Her orisons gone up on high—her trust in Providence renewed—Harriet ventured to step from the place of her concealment and to take a view of the adjacent plain. This she now saw to be not so extensive as on the evening before it appeared to her terrified imagination, and she lamented that she had not endeavored to reach another wood at the opposite side, before she closed her eyes. To continue in that which she was, seemed to be dangerous, lest Millemont and his people, all of whom would doubtless go in search of her as soon as she was missed, should find the place of her retreat. Perceiving therefore the day to be scarcely yet broken, she determined to attempt reaching the wood before her, ere the returning light should render the design more hazardous. Nor think, gentle reader, her resolution was a rash one. Condemn not the lovely Harriet till thou hast weighed her reasons, drawn from the following considerations. The revels in Captain Millemont's family never

never ceaſed till a very late hour, and conſequently, it was not till a very late hour in the morning that either he or his family were awake.

She had told Doctor Watſon, when he preſented her with the laudanum, that as ſhe was rather feveriſh and thirſty, and more ſenſible than uſual of an inclination to ſleep [which, for the honor of our Harriets's veracity, we would have her friends to know was the fact] ſhe would not take any of the opiate on that evening, leſt the effect ſhould be more powerful than ſhe wiſhed. She then, in very complaiſant terms, requeſted Millemont, who had been preſſing her to favor the company below with her preſence, that he would once more excuſe her, as ſhe was really indiſpoſed. Watſon, confiding in the future utility of his drug, gave the captain a ſign to acquieſce, and Hannah was ordered to attend her lady with ſome refreſhment and to keep the apartment as quiet us poſſible.

Add to this, that Harriet left her at-

tendant a in ſtate of torpitude; and that ſhe had locked the door at the end of the paſſage which led to her ſuit of rooms. When all theſe circumſtances are duly reflected on, our Heroine's intention of darting to the oppoſite covert at the breaking of the day, will not be deemed too adventurous. And dart ſhe did; for ſuch was the celerity with which ſhe croſſed the intervening plain, and ſo beautiful her appearance, notwithſtanding the diſcompoſure of her dreſs, that an obſerver might have been excuſed for imagining that he ſaw an Angel glide over the verdant mead.

And now having ſcreened our favorite in the friendly thicket, which ſhe reached in ſafety, we will return and take a curſory view of the ſubſequent ſcene at Citron Grove.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXIX.

A violent Altercation between three worthy Perſonages.

IT was not till a later hour than uſual that the family of Millemont was awakened on the morning ſucceeding the lovely priſoner's eſcape. The captain, within view, as he thought, of the ſummit of his wiſhes, had ordered his overſeers to deal out the liquor with a more than uſual liberality, and in conſequence there was not an individual at Citron Grove who did not go to bed in a ſtate of intoxication. An order had likewiſe been iſſued that the rooms under the apartments deſtined to the uſe of Miſs Montague, ſhould be kept quiet, and the order was obeyed till the potency of the libations drove it from remembrance. At the hour of midnight the whole houſe was a ſcene of confuſion, and

ſo great was the uproar, that it awakened Hannah from her trance, who ſtarting from her chair into which ſhe had fallen, ran forward, perfectly bewildered, without knowing whither. Chance, if we can allow the exiſtence of ſuch a blind guide, conducted her to Miſs Montague's ſleeping room, where, unconſciouſly throwing herſelf upon the bed, ſhe again ſunk into a torpid ſtate, from the narcotic power of the drug, which ſtill acted with unexhauſted force.

When Millemont and the company that remained at Cifton Grove, were aſſembled at breakfaſt, Doctor Watſon inquired how Miſs Montague had reſted, expreſſing his apprehenſion that their joviality had diſturbed her repoſe. The reply to his enquiry was, that Hannah had not yet appeared, and as no noiſe had been heard from the apartment, it was concluded that they were both aſleep. Upon this intelligence the Captain, by the Doctor's advice, again ordered that ſide of the houſe to be kept quiet. Breakfaſt then being over, the gentlemen

tlemen ſallied out for a walk: and at their return the enquiry after Miſs Montague was renewed, Millemont having promiſed a view of his enchantreſs to a young Baronet, lately arrived from England, who deemed himſelf a connoiſſeur in female beauty.

Hannah had not yet been down.

Miſs Montague had not been heard of.

This was ſurpriſing; very ſurpriſing!

What could be the occaſion of this perfect ſtillneſs!—was echoed from one to another of the wondering party. Millemont, at length, became ſeriouſly alarmed, and demanding Watſon's attendance, aſcended the ſtaircaſe which led to Harriet's apartment; but he found the door at the end of the gallery ſtill locked. Here they called, and rapped violently for ſome time without effect; till Watſon, obſerving that he was of that profeſſion which, to the niceſt delicacy would ſoften the invaſion on a lady's privacy, propoſed advancing to the chamber window, by means of a ladder.

Watſon's obſervation with reſpect to his profeſſion was a juſt one. A medical man ought to be particularly cautious to acquire and to preſerve ſuch a character as modeſty and delicacy can confide in. Tenderneſs, and a perfect obſervance of decency in all his actions, ought to unite with a proper degree of fortitude in the man who, of neceſſity muſt often be admitted to the retirements of the fair. From which the bold, aſſuming libertine, however high his reputation for profeſſional ſkill, ought ever to be excluded.

Millemont acquieſcing in the Doctor's propoſal, a ladder was immediately ordered to be erected, and the Doctor aſcended to the window of the apartment lately occupied by our Harriet. The ſaſh being partly open, but the blind down, he tapped againſt the glaſs, and demanded to know if Miſs Montague was well, when not receiving any anſwer to his repeated inquiries he threw up the ſaſh and entered the room. This he found empty, and on opening the door

door of the inner chamber he ſaw Hannah juſt awakening from her ſleep. Aſtoniſhed at her appearance, which evinced that ſhe had not been undreſſed ſince the preceding evening, he haſtily aſked where Miſs Montague was.

" Miſs Montague ! why bleſs my heart! " —why were am I ?" exclaimed the ſtill ſtupid creature, while Watſon ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment. " Why for certain," continued ſhe, " I have been bewitched, for I " know no more how I came here, than " the dead in their graves ?"

" What the plague do you mean ?" ſternly interrogated the wondering phyſician. " And where, I again aſk you, is " your lady ?"

" My lady !" repeated ſhe, looking around her in wild confuſion, " why gone " down ſtairs to be ſure." Then running to the door of the firſt chamber ſhe continued—" Mercy on us ! where can ſhe " be ! the doors have not yet been opened.

" Why ſhe muſt have got out at the win-
" dow!"—but her eſcape that way appear-
ed to have been impoſſible, as the height
from the garden underneath was extreme,
the rooms being all very lofty, and the firſt
floors conſiderably above the level of the
ground.

A violent altercation now enſued be-
tween Watſon and the woman—he accuſ-
ing her of miſconduct, and ſhe magnifying
her care and watchfulneſs. Their vocife-
rations ſoon reached the ears of the liſten-
ing Millemont, who, with ſtrong forebod-
ings of misfortune, inſtantly mounted the
ladder, and ſeeing the diſputants in violent
attitudes and with wrathful countenances,
ſprang in at the window and demanded his
Harriet.

" Your Harriet" ſaid Watſon " may be
" aſcended to the moon or ſunk to the
" ſhades below, for any attention this her
" duenna has paid to your injunctions.
" The lady is certainly miſſing."

" Miſſing!

"Miſſing!!—" echoed the Captain in a rageful and diſtracted tone.—"How!—"Where!—How it it poſſible—" aſking unconnected queſtions without waiting for any reply.

Were we verſed in the language ſaid to be in vogue within the precincts of Billingsgate we might endeavor with ſome expectation of ſucceſs, to deſcribe the torrent of abuſe which reſounded through the apartments; but the horrid oaths and execrations made uſe of by every one of the combatants (the woman being at leaſt upon a par with either of her aſſailants) would, were we capable of tranſmitting them, ſhock both the delicacy and piety of our beloved readers. The Doctor was twice obliged to drop his own anger that he might ſave the culprit Hannah from the rage of her employer, who twice attempted to finiſh her pernicious exiſtence by aiming a blow at her head with a mahogany baſon ſtand, that being the only weapon within his view.

Defended

Defended by the Doctor, she escaped into the next room, leaving *the two worthies* to form various erroneous conjectures respecting the flight of Miss Montague. But they did not long continue that fruitless employment, for summoning some of the servants from below, they broke open the doors which were locked and ordered a general search and inquiry to be made round the place. Every individual was quickly in motion; but vain were the toils of both servants and masters; Miss Montague remained in security, and Millemont in furious despair.

To some of our readers it might be amusing were we to paint the uproar which prevailed throughout the house for several days succeeding the escape of our favorite; but we have so little pleasure in scenes of this nature, and are so impatient to attend to her safety, that we must leave our friends to their own imagination: and these, if strongly exerted, may possibly give some idea

idea of the almoſt undeſcribable tumult, which ſubſided not, in any degree, till every probable place of refuge was explored, and hope gave entire place to abſolute deſpair.

CHAP. LXXX.

The friendly Covert.

MISS MONTAGUE was detained a priſoner in the wood to which we laſt conducted her, all the day, the emiſſaries of the Captain having ſeveral times traverſed it in divers directions, while ſhe ſat trembling upon the upper branches of a catalpin, whoſe broad leaves effectually ſcreened her from their ſearch. To this aſylum ſhe had with extreme difficulty aſcended, upon obſerving at a diſtance, ſeveral

veral people in much apparent hurry, approaching the place of her retreat. Theſe, as ſhe had apprehended, were really her purſuers, and ſhe was but juſt ſecured from their obſervation when they entered the wood, and proceeded to examine it minutely; without dreaming, however, of her having attempted ſuch an elevated ſituation;—a heighth which, perhaps, in calmer moments, ſhe would herſelf have thought it impoſſible for her utmoſt efforts to reach.

For ſeveral hours after their departure, ſhe continued in her poſition, though it now began to be very uneaſy to her, but the dread of her enemies return prevented her from endeavoring to deſcend. Fortunately ſome wild grapes were juſt within her reach: with theſe ſhe allayed her thirſt and then eat one of her biſcuits, and this was all the nouriſhment which ſhe took during the day. Towards the cloſe of the evening ſhe eſſayed to deſcend from her ſanctuary; but ſhe found the attempt ſo

dangerous

dangerous that she almost despaired of ever being able to succeed in it without assistance. At last, she was obliged to swing from a bough several yards from the ground, and from such a height as to bruise rather severely one of her arms. Terrified at the idea of passing another day in a place so near to Citron Grove, she determined to cross the other plain, and hastily rising with this intent, insensible almost to the pain of her arm, she ventured to the skirt of the thicket. Here looking eagerly around, she saw at a distance a gentleman and lady just alighted from an open chaise, which they had left to the care of a servant, and walking forward toward the place of her concealment. Extremely agitated, she stood irresolute how to proceed. The terrors which for so long a time had been fixed upon her mind gave her a dread of danger upon the appearance of every human being. Starting almost involuntarily back to her covert, she seemed to wish to hide herself from view; till recollecting the

the horrors of her ſituation and admitting a hope which quickened the beating of her heart, ſhe ruſhed forward and haſtened to the objects before her, who continued their direction to the wood. At the ſight of ſo beautiful an appearance in ſuch a place, they ſtopped in ſurpriſe and waited the approach of the lovely fugitive, who the inſtant that ſhe reached them, ſank, unable to ſupport herſelf, at their feet.

" For Heaven's ſake!—Oh!—A diſ-" treſſed!—" It was all ſhe could utter as ſhe attempted to claſp the lady, whoſe countenance beamed immediate ſympathy, while the gentleman kneeling upon one knee, raiſed her head from the Earth, and reclining it upon his breaſt, aſſured her of the protection of himſelf and the lady, who ſupported her on the other ſide, and who, to encourage her reliance on his profeſſions, he immediately informed her was his wife. Happy in this intelligence, ſhe lifted up her eyes to Heaven in ſilent, but deep felt gratitude, then ſobbing her thanks to her

ſupporters,

ſupporters, attempted to riſe that ſhe might releaſe them from their poſition: they aſſiſted her endeavors, and without inquiry, leading her between them, conducted her to the chaiſe; lifted her in, and ordered the driver to return.

CHAP. LXXXI.

An amiable Couple, and an affectionate Brother.

OUR new acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, deſerve all the reſpect which we can poſſibly ſhow to them. To them therefore we ſhall dedicate this chapter on their introduction upon our theatre. The wiſe and the good will eſteem them becauſe they poſſeſſed, and practiſed, every great and amiable quality of head and heart; but as this will be deemed

deemed a trivial recommendation to the gentlemen and ladies of these refined times; we are happy to be able to add that more unexceptionable one of their being both descended from antient and noble families: or, in other words, from ancestors who had long been dignified with what are commonly called titles of honor; and many of whom had verified these hereditary distinctions, by holding them in little estimation, and by respecting the character of a GOOD CHRISTIAN, as superior to that of a GREAT MAN. The major part of our readers will be apt to suspect that these people must have been affected by some unhappy mental malady; that either hereditary idiotcy or lunacy was the source of such *outré* sentiments. We can assure them however that the conclusion would be entirely false: no such affliction ever had visited any individual of either family. The only reason which can be given for their singular way of thinking, was an unfortunate ignorance of genteel life, occasioned by their having

having been educated under the inſpection of people who abſurdly thought more of the future than of the preſent, and ridiculouſly regarded the glories even of an Engliſh peerage as of inferior conſequence to the happineſs of angels—a happineſs of ſuch vulgar attainment as to be equally near to the graſp of the loweſt plebeian, or the negro-ſlave, as to that of the noble or the monarch;—a happineſs too which is apparently at ſome diſtance, while the joys of mortal grandeur ſhine gloriouſly and immediately around us, and while poverty is felt to be diſgrace and humble virtues are neglected as contemptible. It cannot, it is true, be denied that, to many of us, this other world may be diſcloſed to-morrow, and then we may poſſibly regret our not having cheriſhed a thought of it ſooner, and may deplore our having too far acted on the prudential maxim—of poſſeſſion's being better than "reverſion."

Mr. Herbert, nephew of an earl and one of

of the younger ſons of a biſhop, was educated with the brother of his Roſella, at whoſe father's he uſed to ſpend ſome of his vacations. An early attachment, between the future bride and bridegroom, took place: the friends on both ſides approved of the union, and in due courſe of time it was agreed that the nuptials ſhould be celebrated upon Mr. Herbert's return from an intended voyage to Jamaica; his father, who had ſeveral children, encouraging his wiſh to enter into life as a Weſt-India merchant. Soon after Mr. Herbert's departure, Roſella, whoſe mother had been ſome time dead, loſt her father, and in conſequence of his dying inteſtate, depended for her ſupport ſolely upon the generoſity of her brother. But this ſhe did not feel to be any misfortune, as the affection between theſe relations was more than what commonly ſubſiſts between children of the ſame parents. Roſella was aſſured that Frederic would make her happineſs his firſt purſuit, and he did not diſappoint her

her expectation. His wish to facilitate the union between his sister and his friend, was now more ardent than ever, and he did not permit one consideration for his own interest to impede that prospect. Rosella, when her father died, was just turned eighteen; and Frederic, only one year older, proposed that Mr. Herbert, who was just of age to execute the office, should be chosen their joint guardian. Pleasure, gratitude and modesty deepened the pink upon the cheek of his sister at this nomination, to which however she delicately objected, and intimated the greater propriety of requesting the favor in question from Mr. Herbert's father, the good Bishop of Chichester, to which see the prelate, who was distantly related to the Lord Chancellor and greatly esteemed by him, had recently been translated. Frederic, pleased with her motive, acknowledged the justness of her discernment. The Bishop was applied to; the office accepted, and every thing relative to the affairs of the deceased soon brought

brought into order and ſettled. Mr. Herbert's return from the Weſt Indies was now expected with redoubled impatience, as it was the wiſh of the friends on both ſides that the union ſhould take place as ſoon as poſſible. The conduct of Frederic, became, in the mean time, an univerſal theme of converſation. The character of *a prudent man* was loſt to him forever, and fathers warned their daughters againſt the ſpecious appearance—for he was very genteel and handſome—of ſuch a prodigal young fellow, who it was likely would ſoon bring a wife and family to beggary. His crime was indeed very great; no leſs than that of dividing, without being obliged to do ſo, the property of his father with a beautiful and beloved ſiſter. Neither did his imprudence reſt here: for he promiſed, ſhould he outlive an old relation whoſe eſtate he muſt neceſſarily inherit, that he would preſent her with a portion alſo of that property. A too rare inſtance of diſintereſtedneſs

diſintereſtedneſs in a young man of the eighteenth century!

And now my dear readers ſtop and examine the texture of your minds. Your applauſe or condemnation of the conduct here related, will be a criterion by which you may exactly appreciate your own value. If your hearts glow with pleaſure on contemplating the generoſity of the young Frederic, and you feel conſcious of being willing, in a ſimilar ſituation, to imitate his example, be grateful to Nature who has ſo nobly endowed you with her choiceſt gifts. You are deſerving of the friendſhip of the judicious, and we congratulate you on your ſuperiority over moſt of your neighbors. If, on the contrary, you think that he ought to have been *more prudent*, depend upon it you are weak and worthleſs, notwithſtanding the plauſible reaſonings of ſelf-love, which may whiſper the duty of *frugality*, *economy*, *diſcretion*, and other ſimilar virtues practiſed by avarice with ſuch ſtrictneſs, that nothing is retained

of the original principle but the appellation. Sordid in your natures, you have no reliſh for—*no ſenſe of*, the beauties of diſintereſtedneſs and philanthropy.

Cenſured as was the conduct of Frederic by prudent fathers, it gained peculiar applauſe from the daughters of the vicinity. "The generous fellow!" "The noble "fellow!" "The charming fellow!"—were the epithets which diſtinguiſhed him amongſt the juvenile fair; ſome of whom perhaps, however much they applauded him while they viewed his conduct diſtinct from their own intereſt, would, after marriage, have upbraided him with what they then would have thought an unreaſonable generoſity injurious to the nearer connections of a wife and children.

Before we finiſh the little hiſtory of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, we will ſtop to mention with ſome diſtinction our worthy friend the prelate. In early life he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Spencer, but the diſtance of his reſidence and a multiplicity

tiplicity of family concerns, which confined him within the precincts of his diocese, had of late years interrupted the intercourse; at their meetings, however, though rare and accidental, so intimate were their minds and so fixed their esteem for each other, that they appeared as if they had parted only the day before. Nor can this circumstance be wondered at when it is recollected that Mr. Spencer was one amongst the best men upon the habitable globe, and the bishop *was*—to comprise his excellencies in a short sentence—THE WATSON OF HIS GENERATION.

CHAP. LXXXII.

Proſperity abated, yet Happineſs continued.

WE will now ſuppoſe Mr. Herbert returned from the Weſt Indies and made happy in an indiſſoluble union with his Roſella. With her, for a few months, he lived a life which potentates might have looked upon with envy: but the ſmiles of fortune were ſoon contracted, and in a ſhort time the ſevereſt of her frowns darted upon the united pair. An eminent banking-houſe, in which Mr. Herbert had lodged large ſums of money, ſtopped payment, juſt as he expected the arrival of conſiderable cargoes from Jamaica; and about a week after he received an account of the death of Mr. Palmer, one of his correſpondents

reſpondents in that Iſland, with the more diſtreſſing intelligence that the ſon of his friend had diſappeared with all the property which he could carry off, and had left large debts upon the Firm, to be diſcharged by Mr. Herbert and the other partner, Mr. Cumberland. This ſtroke was indeed a heavy one: Mr. Herbert's property, in which was included his lady's fortune, was veſted in this firm. Her brother had already aſſiſted him to the utmoſt of his power. The finances of the good biſhop were, at this period, very much perplexed, as he had lately been tranſlated from Peterborough to Chicheſter and heavy expences had, as uſual, attended the tranſlation. His children were many, and it had coſt him large ſums to educate and fix them in the world. Early in life he had married an amiable young widow, whoſe firſt huſband was Sir Samuel Herbert, to whom the biſhop was diſtantly related. Lady Herbert was miſtreſs of a large ſum of money when her guardian diſpoſed of her

to Sir Samuel, at the age of ſixteen, and much againſt her inclination. At his death, which happened within three years after their marriage, ſhe enjoyed a jointure ſufficient to enable her to live genteely, but not adequate to the fortune which ſhe originally poſſeſſed, that being ſettled upon her daughter; the only child whom ſhe had by her firſt huſband. Of this daughter, whoſe name was Bridget, we may perhaps ſpeak ſomething more hereafter; but at preſent we are ſo impatient to return to Mr. Herbert, that we ſhall only ſay ſhe was in every reſpect widely different from the worthy woman who brought her into this ſtate of exiſtence.

The vexatious turn of his affairs rendered it neceſſary for Mr. Herbert to haſten to Jamaica, and as it was probable that buſineſs would require him to reſide there a conſiderable time, Mrs. Herbert determined to accompany him, though ſhe was then in a ſituation which rendered the voyage inconvenient if not dangerous: but the

the apprehended event was providentially ſuſpended, and Mrs. Herbert reached Port Paſſage in ſafety about three weeks before her delivery of a fine girl, to whom ſhe gave the name of Almeria.

Mr. Herbert now exerted all his abilities to retrieve the affairs of the firm, and, aided by the diligence of Mr. Cumberland, he ſucceeded greatly beyond his expectations. From the wreck of their banker's fortune they reaped, indeed, but ſmall benefit, the dividend being only one ſhilling in the pound; but they were more fortunate in recovering great part of the effects with which young Palmer had abſconded, he having been diſcovered at Philadelphia by the aſſiduity of Mr. Phillip Nicklin, a man with whom we have the pleaſure of being perſonally acquainted, and to whoſe urbanity and integrity, we are pleaſed with this opportunity of giving our teſtimony.

Young Palmer was no ſooner diſcovered than he was apprehended and put under proper ſecurity till he delivered up all the

effects which he had endeavored to secrete. When the business was put into a proper train for final adjustment, on his resignation and apparent penitence, Palmer was fixed in an employ that afforded him a comfortable maintenance.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had resided at Port Passage nearly three years at the period to which our history is arrived, and during this time their family had received the addition of two lovely girls, and the lady was again *enceinte*. Their house was at the extremity of the town, in a very pleasing situation, and Mr. Cumberland resided with the happy couple.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

Miſs Montague in Safety.

WE left our Harriet under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, returning to Port Paſſage. Were we not in ſome haſte to arrive at a diſtant period, we could very much entertain and inſtruct our attentive peruſers, by relating the firſt converſation, and the circumſtances which occurred during the early part of Miſs Montague's abode with her new friends—friends in the ſtrict ſenſe of the phraſe, who merited that noble appellation. A mutual confidence ſoon took place between them; and Harriet related to them without reſerve every recollected particular of her paſt life. To ſay that they greatly compaſſionated and truly admired her, would be what every ordinary reader would readily imagine, and would fall far ſhort of the ſenti-

ments which her ſtory and merits inſpired To her misfortunes they were, indeed, feelingly alive, and they entered ſo intimately into the ſufferings of her mind that they determined to bring the abominable occaſioner of them to puniſhment. But ſhe entreated—ſhe moſt earneſtly ſupplicated them to deſiſt, and to permit her to remain ſecluded in their houſe, during their continuance in the Weſt Indies; alledging that a proſecution muſt be attended with great expence as well as inconvenience: that the reſult would be uncertain, as there was no queſtion but the creatures of Millemont would give a teſtimony in his favor, and that, therefore, it was to be feared the event would inevitably be injurious to her reputation. She dreaded, beſides, that the reſolute libertine, ſtimulated by revenge, would not then forbear any means, however outrageous, to get her again into his power, and on the poſſible contingency of his ſucceſs, her utter deſtruction would be inevitable:—that as it was, ill treated as ſhe had been

been by the atrocious proceeding of a lawleſs villain, ſhe could raiſe unfeigned thanks to her Great Preſerver for having been reſcued before ſhe had ſuffered ſuch irremediable injuries as muſt have excluded every ray of hope for future peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland were ſo convinced by this reaſoning of our Harriet's, that they agreed in the propriety of keeping the matter as ſecret as poſſible; and if either of the gentlemen ſhould, in company, hear any thing mentioned relative to the circumſtance, they were carefully to conceal their having any knowledge of it. Mr. Cumberland, who was a wiſe and good man, further propoſed that Miſs Montague ſhould aſſume the name of his maternal family, which was Mansfield, and paſs for his relation during her reſidence in Jamaica. The propoſal was acceded to, and the ſervants inſtructed in what anſwers to give to any inquiries which might poſſibly be made relative to the lady.

Miſs Montague was now in a ſtate of ſome tranquillity, compared with what ſhe had lately endured: but her mind was oppreſſed by the thoughts of what ſhe had ſuffered, and what ſhe had loſt—fame! fortune! friends!—friends of the higheſt kind ever poſſeſſed by a human being. This laſt recollection ſo chilled every riſing hope of enſuing happineſs, that not all her native gaiety of temper, which habitually led her to reſt her eye upon the brighteſt ſide of every proſpect, nor all the affectionate ſoothings of her new and now dear friends, could remove from her conſtant idea her beloved Lucy Spencer, loſt to her in Mrs. Seymour, or her ſtill dearer Henry, ſeparated from her for ever, by being the huſband of the firſt friend of her heart. The family of the Shrubbery, as well as that of the Aviary, claimed her affectionate and tender regard. The Abingtons and Mr. Ruſſel, were dear to her remembrance. The good Mr. Spencer, the report of whoſe death had never reached her, had a moſt

particular

particular ſhare of her attachment: yet the loſs of all theſe, greatly as that loſs alone would have grieved her, would have been ſupportable, had ſhe ſtill retained her Seymour and Miſs Spencer. And then in what a light muſt ſhe appear to them all!—for the fatal paragraphs which ſhe peruſed in the newſpaper, during her reſidence in Portland Place, ſo entirely convinced her of their belief of her infidelity and depravity, that no doubt could be made of their abhorrence of her credited ill-conduct. She could, it is true, endeavor to convince them of her innocence, and it was, perhaps, a duty which ſhe owed to herſelf: but could ſhe be ſure of ſucceeding? Was it not certain that the people at the Lodge, of whoſe atrocity ſhe had full conviction, would take every method to prevent the diſgrace which muſt neceſſarily fall upon them if ſhe ſhould be exculpated? And to attempt and fail, would double the ignominy with which ſhe was already branded. Better to hide herſelf forever from the world

world than to live in open reprobation! Beſide;—could ſhe even exonerate herſelf, what would be the effect? Her own diſtreſs on a new ground, and wretchedneſs to her deareſt friends, who were, doubtleſs, at preſent happy under the deluſion of thinking her unworthy! Theſe were the reaſonings of the charming Harriet when ſhe firſt began to ponder on future events: and the conſideration laſt mentioned had more weight in determining the truly generous girl to remain in obſcurity, than thoſe which were more immediately intereſting to herſelf. She now endeavored to fix upon ſome plan which might afford her a maintenance: but this conſideration was ſoon rendered unneceſſary by the earneſt entreaty of Mrs. Herbert that ſhe would not think of leaving her, as ſhe had promiſed herſelf peculiar happineſs from ſuch a companion. Mrs. Herbert added, that any aſſiſtance which her friend would condeſcend to afford her in forming the minds of her little girls, would greatly over-pay

the

the trifling accommodations which her houſe could ſupply. Harriet knowing the ſituation of their affairs, which, though recovering, were, nevertheleſs, not yet flouriſhing, diffidently refuſed the eligible propoſal; till Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland joining in an effort to convince her that *ſhe* would be the obliger, ſhe, at length, complied, with a grateful ſenſe of the reality of the kindneſs they thus endeavored apparently to leſſen. Mr. Cumberland now inſiſted upon her accepting a bank note for preſent exigencies, and on her conſenting to the receipt of the ſame ſum annually, for cloaths and other incidental expences. Miſs Montague, the texture of whoſe ſoul was gratitude, was over-powered by theſe acts of friendſhip from people with whom ſhe had ſo recently been acquainted. She burſt into tears and vainly endeavored to expreſs in words, her ſenſe of their kindneſs. But we muſt cloſe theſe ſcenes, pleaſing as they would be to a few of our readers, and advert to other buſineſs.

The

The time of Mrs. Herbert's expected delivery now drew near. Harriet, in the interim, assisted in the preparations necessary for the event, and greatly endeared herself to those by whom she was surrounded; the natural vivacity of her temper enabling her to be a chearful, as well as an amiable companion, notwithstanding the unconquerable grief which embittered her solitary moments.

Mrs. Herbert, at length, produced another child of the female sex, who, in compliment to Miss Montauge, was named Harriet Rosella. Soon after its birth several circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary that Mr. Herbert should fix his residence, for a considerable period, at Philadelphia. He therefore embarked with his lady, their three little ones, and their lovely friend, on board a vessel called the Harmony, leaving Mr. Cumberland in much sorrow for their departure, he having imbibed a partiality little short of parental for his adopted relation.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXIV.

Our Favorites in Affliction.

WE congratulate our readers upon their return to their native Country, and will inſtantly waft them to the juſtly celebrated Village of Beverly, from whence we departed upon the news of the death of our greatly revered Mr. Spencer, which we will now give ourſelves the pleaſure to inform them was premature.

Mr. Spencer is *not* dead, but enjoys as firm a conſtitution and as ſound health as a man of his age was ever bleſt with.

When we took our leave of Beverly in the Seventy-third Chapter of theſe our labors, he was, by all his attendants ſuppoſed to be drawing near to his tranſlation—a phraſe which we muſt always uſe, when we mean the termination of the earthly

earthly exiſtence of ſuch a man. Univerſal ſorrow, and almoſt univerſal ſilence reigned throughout the place: every one was fearful of diſturbing the general attention, and the minds of all preſent ſeemed impreſſed with a belief that Delegates from Heaven hovered over his bed, ardent to convey his departing Spirit to the Realms of Light and Bliſs.

" The Chamber where the good man meets his fate,
" Is privileged beyond the common walk
" Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
" Fly, ye prophane! if not draw near with awe.
" For here, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells.
" A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
" Here, tired diſſimulation drops her maſk:
" Here, real and apparent are the ſame:
" You ſee the *man:* you ſee his hold on Heaven."

But the taſk of his Guardian Angel was not yet ended. It pleaſed the Great Director to poſtpone his entire beatification, and to ſpare him, for a ſtill longer period to his ſurrounding friends. The criſis of his diſeaſe came on, and the diſorder took a favorable

favorable turn, a ſalutary ſleep enſuing, and at the end of two hours he awoke greatly amended. His phyſicians now ventured to expreſs a hope of his recovery: every one was eager to catch the pleaſing tidings, and to hear a repetition of the glad augury, which was verified by the event in a ſhorter ſpace of time than the Doctors had dared to predict.

The family of Mr. Edward Spencer; that of Mr. Abington (Miſs Martha excepted); Mr. Ruſſel; Mr. Barker, and Henry Seymour, remained at the Aviary during the good man's confinement. During this period they mutually endeavored to adminiſter conſolation to all around, and now united in heightening the general felicity, by their ſincere and fervent congratulations to each other. Seymour was ſcarce ever out of the aparment of his venerable friend; nor would Lucy Spencer often leave his preſence. The whole party, indeed, was but in the next room during all their

their waking hours, which were at leaſt three fourths of the twenty-four.

With regard to Mr. Spencer's own conduct, we muſt remain nearly ſilent, as an attempt to deſcribe it minutely, could not fail of tarniſhing its glory. We have, it is true, *ſeen one good man die**—a man "who "had no fault that his friends could per- "ceive, or his enemies remember"—and the ſcene is ever preſent to our mind. The recollection, therefore, of *that*, might aid us in depicting *this*; but though we retain the ſentiments, we cannot ſpeak the language which he uſed; nor can we do juſtice to the ſoothings and advice of Mr. Spencer to his weeping friends; for ſomething ſuper-human ſeemed to inſpire him, and to irradiate his countenance. His temporal concerns did not interrupt the more important ones of futurity, as his accounts were always in a ſettled ſtate, and his will had been made many years before.

When

* See Chap. 71.

When this more than nominal Chriſtian perceived, by the altered countenances of his truly affectionate relatives and friends, that a hope was entertained of his recovery, and found by his own feelings that he was really amended; he ſaid, "And muſt I "be longer detained where troubles exiſt? "I had hope that my releaſe was coming. "But *He who governs, gives us what is "beſt.*"

And after a pauſe—"THEN BE IT SO"—and he bowed his head in reſignation.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXV.

A bitter Diſappointment to the Percivals.

THE anticlimax of mentioning ſuch people as the Percivals, at the latter end of the laſt chapter, would have been ſo great, that every common reader muſt have been diſagreeably affected by the ſudden deſcent. Nor could we, without committing an outrage upon our own feelings, have viſited the Lodge after our departure from the Aviary, till we had allowed ourſelves a little leiſure to moderate the ſublimity of our ideas.

When we were laſt in company with the people above-mentioned, they were wondering at not having received formal intelligence of Mr. Spencer's death, of the certainty of which, however, they entertained not the leaſt doubt.

When the good man was firſt taken ill, a meſſenger,

a meſſenger was diſpatched to Mrs. R. Percival, who immediately ordered her carriage and was driven to the Aviary, and upon the declared increaſe of danger, Mr. Percival and his children followed. But when Mr. Spencer was apparently drawing near to his releaſe, Mrs. Percival found herſelf ſo much agitated by a variety of paſſions, that her huſband deemed it prudent for her to return to the Lodge, as ſhe could not ſuppreſs the appearance of that joy which the idea of preſiding as Lady of the Village inſpired. Under pretence, therefore, of ſudden illneſs, her family attended her home, Mr. Percival alledging, to Mrs. George Abington's expreſſed deſire of her ſiſter's continuance at the Aviary, that the houſe was already ſufficiently full of trouble, and that, on that account, it would be moſt proper for her to be removed. Mrs. G. Abington, whoſe diſpoſition was naturally very tender, and now, from the circumſtances of the time, ſtill more ſoftened, reluctantly

reluctantly acquieſced, and the precious groupe departed to their home.

Continual were the inquiries from the Lodge to the Aviary, and the conſtant anſwers were that Mr. Spencer was ſtill worſe.

" He holds it an amazing time !"—ſaid his *affectionate* grand-daughter. " I query " if he will not weather it at laſt !"

" Impoſſible," ſaid Mr. Percival, " with- " out a miracle. I think he will not ſur- " vive to-morrow."

" I wiſh it was all over," replied his lady, " for I am fatigued to death with " anxiety and expectation."

A meſſenger now returned with the intelligence that Mr. Spencer was believed to be near expiring, and ſoon after, a ſervant arived from the Village with an account, which was ſaid to *come from the doctor*, of his death.

The caſe was this—Mr. Foſter, ſurgeon and apothecary to the family, went from the

the Aviary to a neighboring village, and upon his return home aſked Mrs. Foſter if ſhe had heard from Mr. Spencer, and upon being anſwered in the negative, replied with a ſigh "Then, without queſtion "that good man is dead!" This was caught by his apprentice, who intimated the circumſtance to the next perſon who entered the ſhop, in terms which implied no doubt of the fact in queſtion. This of courſe was inſtantly ſpread through the vicinity. Mr. Percival's ſervant received the intelligence from the man who had heard it from the young apothecary, and he haſtened with it to his maſter, ſhrewdly gueſſing that this gentleman would not be diſpleaſed with the tidings. The meſſenger who was ordered to go with the accuſtomary inquiry, had now a countermand, and the family waited for a formal communication of the great event. They amuſed themſelves in the mean time, with planning the method of taking poſſeſſion of the long

wiſhed-for habitation; while the heir, in the fulneſs of his joy, imparted the event to his elected bride, whoſe fortune was to aſſiſt in rendering him one of the richeſt ſubjects in the three Kingdoms. Mrs. Quaintly aided the contemplating family in ſettling the ardent buſineſs of the moment.

What can be more evidently vain than the preparations of mortals for *to-morrow!* What more common than plans for *coming years!* We ſhould laugh at a man who formed projects for a century hence; but we call him long ſighted, who determines what he will do upon occurrences which it is two to one he will never live to witneſs. The folly in the firſt inſtance is not more extravagant than that in the laſt; and we only ceaſe to wonder at this from its frequency.

The delay of the intelligence which Mrs. R. Percival ſo impatiently expected, vexed her beyond meaſure. Every rap at the door—every horſeman in view, pro-

duced

duced the exclamation of—"A ſervant is "*now* coming! Let Robert take the meſ- "ſage."

Robert, whoſe countenance gave no ſpecimen of what was paſſing *within*; prepared with ſullen ſatisfaction to obey the commands of his mother every time that ſhe fancied the meſſenger to be approaching: but the diſappointments were ſo frequent, and the lady ſo fretted, that at length it was propoſed that a ſervant ſhould be diſpatched with the uſual inquiry, as if they had not received any information of the concluding event. He was accordingly commanded to go and return with the utmoſt ſpeed, as no one, with the leaſt degree of decency, could begin to order even a ſingle article of mourning till they were made acquainted with the incident *in a proper way*. Mrs. Mitchel, however, to amuſe the interval, obſerved that Miſs Percival would look exceeding well in a black riding dreſs; eſpecially as it could

not be neceſſary for her to relinquiſh powder.

" Certainly not," replied Mrs. R. Percival; " nor do I know that I myſelf ſhall " go without, any longer than while I am " receiving the firſt compliments of con- " dolence. I had almoſt," continued ſhe, with a ſmile and downcaſt eyes, " ſaid " congratulation."

" For ſhame Eleanor!" ſaid Mr. Percival, with the ſame kind of ſimper on his countenance, " do let the old man " be buried before you dance over his " grave."

" Well it does not ſignify diſowning " it," returned the lady; " this certainly " is the moſt joyful day of my life, and a " day which has been ſo long in coming " that I began to think it never would " arrive."

" I wiſh every thing was ſettled, and that " we were all fixed in the other houſe," was the rejoinder of Mrs. Percival the elder,

elder, while her countenance betrayed anxiety.

" You will go immediately, I preſume," ſaid Mrs. Quaintly: " and you will go to " your *deſtined* habitation. It was always " in my three o'clock prayers that I might " ſee the *bleſſed* day, and I have known " long ago that my prayer would be an- "ſwered, for this is an *ac*-cepted family ;" continued ſhe, claſping her hands with fervency and hypocritically lifting her eyes to the cieling—we will not ſay to Heaven, for Heaven is not to be pervaded by eyes to which ſuch a heart as Mrs. Quaintly's is united.

Our pious friends will not be pained by the foregoing obſervation, becauſe it is not the real Religion of any ſect at which we point, but the *aſſumption* of Religion to ſerve the worſt of purpoſes. Mrs. Quaintly, it is true, profeſſed Calviniſm, but ſhe hardly knew the principles which it taught. The outward ſanctity it preſcribed was what ſhe was moſt ſedulous

to obſerve, as under that diſguiſe ſhe could beſt purſue her deſigns, of patching a broken reputation, and in the character of a Saint, profeſſing a holy friendſhip for thoſe to whom it was her intereſt to appear attached. At the Lodge, ſhe was always an acceptable viſiter, becauſe ſhe flattered the vanity of its inhabitants, and was ſerviceable to many of their projects. She likewiſe made them acquainted with all the buſineſs of the vicinity, and appriſed them of thoſe who wiſhed the continuance of the Spencers at the Aviary, and of thoſe who waited with impatience for a change of its poſſeſſors.

With converſation ſuch as has been related, did the waiting party amuſe themſelves till the return of the diſpatched meſſenger; Miſs Deborah wondering when her grandpapa would be buried; Miſs Percival ſuppoſing that they would keep him as long as they could, that they might ſtay in their ſituation to the laſt poſſible moment; and Mr. Stephen, with the ſoft

tongue

tongue of a Blifil, profeſſing compaſſion for thoſe whom the juſtice of the circumſtances rendered it neceſſary to expel from the Aviary; and declaring his ſorrow for the taſk which fell to his lot, of diſpoſſeſſing them.

"You may do as you pleaſe, I ſuppoſe," ſaid the generally ſilent Robert; "nobody "will oblige you to go."

"*Rectitude*, Robert, obliges me," replied Mr. Stephen. "Every man ought "to obey the will of his anceſtors—ex-"cept" [he would have added, had he ſpoken his ſecret ſentiments] "their in-"junctions ſhould oppoſe his intereſt or "inclinations."

The returning meſſenger now appeared in view.

"He is coming!

"He is coming!"

"It *is he!*" reſounded through the room, while they ſet themſelves in order to hear the tidings, which Robert was diſpatched to receive.

Robert who obeyed the command with more than his uſual alacrity, ſtaid ſome minutes with the ſervant, and then with haſty ſteps returning, exclaimed as he entered—" *Why, my grandfather is not dead!*"

" NOT DEAD!?!"——in the ſtrongeſt tone of aſtoniſhment, proceeded from the lips of two or three at the ſame inſtant, while the ſilent ones ſeemed to have been ſtricken with inexpreſſible amazement.

" No; *not dead*"—replied the churliſh youth, " but *better* and *likely to recover*."

" Impoſſible!" ſaid Mr. Percival; " this " muſt be ſome miſtake."

" You will not find it one, though," returned the former, as Stephen haſtened out of the room in ſearch of the meſſenger, that he might himſelf examine him; " my " grandfather is *not dead*, but has had a fine " ſleep and is much better."

The ſurprize of Lady Booby, which our couſin Fielding ſo emphatically conveyed, when ſhe heard a young man talk of his virtue,

virtue, fell greatly ſhort of that which now ſeized the family of our Percivals and their adherents. They looked upon each other in ſpeechleſs wonder, till Mrs. R. Percival at length burſt into a flood of tears, and then exclaimed—"This is more than I "*can* bear! To be ſo near, as I thought to "the attainment of my wiſhes, and to be "diſappointed in *this* manner—!!!"

Stephen now returned with unconcealable chagrin in his countenance; but ſtruggling for compoſure and a ſmile, he ſaid—"It is ſurely true; my great grandfather "is not only ſtill alive, but abſolutely, in "the opinion of the people about him, in "a ſtate of convaleſcence."

"*Curſe* the people about him!" ſaid the enraged and indecent Mrs. R. Percival. "They are now triumphing in my morti-"fication, and I dare ſay made more of his "amendment than truth warrants, on pur-"poſe to plague me. I hate the whole "crew!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed the

equally disappointed Mr. Stephen; "let "me beg of you to be moderate. My "grandfather, though somewhat revived, "cannot live for ever. He has now passed "his grand climacteric, and though after "that period, some constitutions mend, yet "shall not I soon be of age? And will not "your wishes be as effectually accom-"plished by that event, as by his death?"

"Yes; and *more* effectually," returned the mother, with eagerness, "for I should "glory in driving them all before me; but "who knows what may happen before "that period? Your life is not ensured!"

"But am not I the next heir?" morosely asked Robert. "I am older than any of "my cousins. And will not that be all "the same to our family?"

"You are right Robert," said Mrs. Percival the elder, with a significant nod; "and your mother is blameable to be so "much affected by the old man's amend-"ment; which, however, after all, I can-"not but say I am sorry to hear."

A silence

A ſilence of ſome minutes now enſued, during which every countenance betrayed vexation, Robert's excepted. The idea of his brother's death before his arrival at the age of twenty-one, now forcibly ſtruck him as an event which would be highly beneficial to himſelf. Not that this was the firſt time ſuch contingency had pervaded his imagination, but as it never, in his preſence was made a ſubject of converſation, the confirmation which his grandmother gave of his having been right in his ſuppoſition, inſtantly ſent a wiſh to his heart that his brother might die before his attainment of the age requiſite for the poſſeſſion of Spencer Aviary.

The diſagreeable ſilence was firſt interrupted by Mrs. Quaintly's ſaying—"Mr. "Stephen juſt now mentioned old Mr. "Spencer's having paſſed his grand cli- "macteric. I thought that period had "been over with him long ago. I judged "him to be eighty-five, at leaſt."

"Oh he is not near that," replied Mrs.

R. Percival. "All our family married very "young; and he, himſelf, was a grand-"father before he was forty-two."

A ſilence again enſued, for no one was in a humor to make converſation agreeable. We will therefore leave them to digeſt their diſappointment, the bitterneſs of which every day increaſed, with the encreaſing ſtrength of Mr. Spencer. In a ſhort period, this good man ſeemed to be not only perfectly recovered, but even in a much better ſtate of health than he had enjoyed for ſome of the preceding years.

The chagrin of Miſs Bullion exceeded, if poſſible, that of the Percivals. In the midſt of jet and pearls, did ſhe receive the counteracting letter of *her dear Lord Beverley*, and after a paroxiſm of rage, ſhe ſank into a fit from which ſhe recovered to return to the violent agitation, the convulſive ſtruggle of paſſion, which had occaſioned her fainting. For ſeveral days ſhe cried inceſſantly, and it was not till Mr. Stephen Percival had twice viſited her and repreſented

ſented how ſoon the time would arrive when the law would give her poſſeſſion of all ſhe coveted, that ſhe was in any degree pacified. The diſappointment was ſo extreme, and the countermand to milliners, mantuamakers, &c. ſo mortifying, that ſhe could not, with any degree of decency, ſubmit to the circumſtance.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

The Codicil.

WE will now take a view of what is going forward at Spencer Aviary, beginning with the joy which all the family experienced upon the recovery of its venerable poſſeſſor. As ſoon as he was able, Mr. Spencer went with his truly grateful friend to the Pariſh Church to return thanks

thanks to the Almighty Preſerver for the bleſſings which he had received. Not that Mr. Spencer thought that his oriſons would aſcend more readily from the church than from the cloſet: but his intention was to ſet an example to thoſe around him, and to evince his ſenſe of the ſuperintendence of the All-merciful and Supreme.

After the friends at Spencer Aviary had recovered the ſerenity which had been interrupted by their late apprehenſions, other intereſting converſations began to take place amongſt them, and no one ſubject more generally excited the feeling and expreſſion of their regret than the loſs of Harriet Montague. With Miſs Spencer and Mr. Seymour this was a continual theme of diſcourſe. They ſeemed to prefer the melancholy pleaſure of talking about her to all the various amuſements which ſurounded them; and as they often walked together to indulge in converſations relating to her former excellencies, it was ſoon buzzed about that their intercourſe was

that

that of love. To this idea, however, neither the Spencers nor the Abingtons gave any encouragement: not that any one of them could have formed an objection to ſuch an attachment, but becauſe they had daily proofs of Seymour's unbated affection for their loſt and lovely favorite, and becauſe they were not unacquainted with the partiality ſubſiſting between Lucy and Mr. Clifford, who was now ſoon expected at Beverly. But from neither of theſe circumſtances did the Percivals derive equal confidence againſt the exiſtence of an attachment, which would involve the extinction of ſome of their deareſt wiſhes, and moſt deeply founded plans. Their fears led them to believe its reality: and Miſs Percival could hardly bear the ſevere mortification which ſhe experienced. It was, indeed, a cauſe of keen vexation to the whole family: but as we have not leiſure to attend upon them at this period, we muſt leave our readers to ſuppoſe what they

they endured from jealouſy, pride, and diſappointed ambition.

Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour ſpent the greateſt part of the vacation at either the Aviary or the Shrubbery, and thus gave great offence to the people at the Lodge. By the advice however of Mr. Stephen no diſpleaſure was expreſſed on the occaſion, as that politic young man wiſhed to have his family appear quite calm and complaiſant, till he ſhould get firm footing, and be eſtabliſhed beyond controverſy in the Aviary. The Percivals accordingly put on an abundant ſhow of civility; and viſited at the different houſes as uſual; but Mr. Ruſſell always affirmed, with a ſingle exception in favour of George, there was latent venom in the hearts of all the family.

Mr. Clifford now made his appearance at Beverly, and his preſence brightened every eye. The oſtenſible motive for his viſit was to ſee his friend Seymour, although he

he reſided at the Aviary, which would not be termed Seymour's home. Hope now returned to the breaſt of Miſs Percival, for it was ſoon known through the village, that Mr. Clifford had aſked Miſs Spencer of her parental friends, and that his petition had been well received.

All now was gaiety at the Aviary, every hour produced a feſtive ſcene. Parties of rural pleaſure were continually forming, of which Mr. Ruſſel was generally the projector, and at which Mr. Spencer, whoſe preſence animated every heart, uſually attended. The houſe was filled with numerous young viſitants of both ſexes, and every one endeavored to pleaſe and be pleaſed. Yet a ſomething ſtill mitigated and chaſtiſed the happineſs of the ſelect ſociety. Miſs Spencer continued to lament the friend of her heart, and Seymour to ſigh for the ſole poſſeſſor of his affection: even Mr. Spencer himſelf was not without concern for the lovely favorite of his adoption. On his own account he was totally indifferent

to

to every occurrence of life; but as he was not so abstracted respecting the pleasures of those whom he loved, he saw with some regret the hasty approach of that period which must necessarily abridge his power of diffusing felicity through the vicinity; and prevent the assemblage of such numerous young parties as he delighted to see happy in his spacious abode: for though the Shrubbery, to which it was intended that he should retire upon Mr. Stephen Percival's arrival at age, was an elegant situation and quite large enough for its destined inhabitants, yet the mode of living there could not be the same as at the Aviary; a place which was doubtless calculated to afford as much rational pleasure as any one spot upon this habitable Globe. But the good man did not let any expression of concern for the expected change escape him. On the contrary, he endeavored to reconcile to the necessity, every person whom it was probable that it would affect, by painting the future prospect in the most

glowing

glowing colors, as well as by arguments of a more ſerious import. Mr. Ruſſel was not ſo temperate in his converſation upon the ſubject. He frankly declared that it would be a very agreeable incident to him if Stephen, Robert and Barbara Percival were to leave this world of trouble before their arrival at the age of twenty one, as then Lucy Spencer would inconteſtibly inherit the eſtate under the will of her great grandfather, ſhe being the next in ſeniority.

Mr. Ruſſel's declaration was not a commendable one. He was a really good man; but he was alſo a humoriſt, and had conceived a diſlike to all the family at the Lodge, their diſpoſitions being diametrically oppoſite to his own, which was truly philanthropic. When Miſs Montague was mentioned, he always ſhook his head; and often exclaimed—"*That old Hecate!*"—intimating that Mrs. Percival was, directly or indirectly, inſtrumental to the ruin of his favorite; from whoſe greatly ſuperior charms ſhe dreaded, as he averred, the diſappointment

appointment of her plan for the aggrandizement of her ſon's family. For a long time he would not believe that Harriet had quitted the kingdom, and when, upon the moſt diligent ſearch, he found that ſhe had certainly departed from England with Captain Millemont, he continued to affirm that there was ſome myſtery he could not then fathom, but which he would explore even though the inveſtigation ſhould coſt him a voyage to the Weſt Indies. He wrote in conſequence to a former correſpondent of his at Kingſton in Jamaica, to requeſt all the information which could be collected reſpecting what he termed the iniquitous buſineſs: but this letter did not reach the Iſland till Miſs Montague had left Citron Grove. The gentleman to whom it was addreſſed being unfortunately at the time of its arrival a patient of Doctor Watſon's, whom he knew to be acquainted with Millemont, appriſed him of the inquiry which he had been directed to make. By the Doctor then he was informed that there

had

had been at the Grove ſuch a lady as the letter deſcribed; that everybody ſuppoſed her married to the Captain: that however, he [the doctor] had now his doubts upon the ſubject, as the lady, in a fit of anger, had left the gentleman, and was ſomewhere ſecreted with a handſome young officer who had accompanied her in her flight. This account which the ever-miſchievous Watſon immediately fabricated, was tranſmitted to Spencer Aviary, to the complete demolition of the fame of the ſpotleſs and charming ſubject of our kind reader's ſolicitude. But it was not till after the period to which we have brought affairs at Beverly, that this letter reached the hands of Mr. Ruſſel.

We will now revert to the circumſtance of Mr. Clifford's viſit to Miſs Spencer.

When Mr. Percival was convinced that the gentleman was well received at the Aviary, and that, conſequently, the idea of an attachment between Seymour and Lucy was a creature of the brain, he yielded to the

the arguments of the female part of his family, and ſummoning the young gentleman to a conference at the Lodge, after ſome preparatory converſation, proceeded in the following ſtrain—

" You now ſee Harry, the abſurdity of " forming any material connexion without " the advice, or at leaſt the approbation of " thoſe who from office, and experienced " judgment have a title to expect your " attention to their precepts. Had you " liſtened to me, you never would have " been duped by the ſpecious appearance " of virtue in Harriet Montague."

" I do not recollect Sir," replied Mr. Seymour, " your ever mentioning any " thing relative to the ſubject you point " at. My opinion of Miſs Montague was " indeed a high one; and that, at leaſt, " ſhe DID deſerve it, I ſhall never ceaſe " to believe."

He ſpoke with an air ſo firm, and looked with ſuch meaning, that his guardian was almoſt abaſhed. However, being a man of

of deep art, he diſguiſed his confuſion under an appearance of ſurpriſe, and exclaimed in a note of authority—"How "dare you ſir, thus peremptorily to profeſs "ſentiments ſo diametrically oppoſite to "thoſe of him who has a right to direct "your opinion? Whatever may be your "erroneouſly formed ideas, a regard to "decorum—to modeſty, ought to teach "you to ſuppreſs an open avowal of what "is ſo contrary to my declared judgment."

"If my manner has offended you ſir," returned the ingenuous youth, with unabated firmneſs, but with an air of decent ſubmiſſion, "I am ſorry for it; but it "would be an ill compliment to your prin-"ciples to ſuppoſe that you could wiſh me "to reply to you with duplicity."

Mr. Percival ſaw with high diſpleaſure the intrepidity of his ward, but, determining to avoid any farther altercation upon the ſubject, he only, with a half ſmile ſaid, "Another guardian, young gentleman, "might reſent the freedom of both your

"ſpeech

" ſpeech and manner, but as your candor " is ſome atonement for your incivility, I " am willing to overlook it, and will pro- " ceed to the chief buſineſs for which I " ſummoned you here this morning."

Seymour bowed; looked ſerious, and ſat attentive, while Mr. Percival, not without ſome little confuſion, continued his ſpeech in the following language.

" You were early made acquainted, Harry, " with the purport of your wife, good, " prudent and economical father's laſt will " and appointment, which protracted the " term of your minority till the comple- " tion of your twenty-ſecond year. You " likewiſe know that he gave me entire " power over the produce of the eſtate till " that period, leaving it to me to make " your allowance what, from circumſtances, " ſhould appear to me to be fit and diſ- " creet."

" With all this, ſir," replied Seymour, " I am perfectly acquainted, and though " the circumſtances are ſomewhat extra- " ordinary,

" ordinary, I never permit myſelf to think " about them with diſapprobation."

" The circumſtances Harry," obſerved the guardian, " are not perhaps, ſo *very* " extraordinary when it is conſidered that " your father left you to the care of a " man in whom he was convinced he could " confide with ſafety; but there is one " particular inſtance of his ſolicitude with " which it has not hitherto been deemed " proper to make you acquainted."

Seymour ſtarted, and Mr. Percival proceeded—" Not ſatisfied with the precau- " tions in his will, your father, juſt before " he departed, made a codicil."

" A codicil!" echoed the youth, conſiderably alarmed. " Why has it been kept " ſo carefully from my knowledge?"

" Becauſe had you ſooner been told the " injunctions it conveys, the wilfulneſs ſo " natural to youth might have rendered " you leſs diſpoſed to fall in with our wiſhes " than, left to your more ripened judg- " ment, you now I hope will find yourſelf

"to be," was Mr. Percival's reply with ſomething like heſitation.

"Pray ſir go on," ſaid Seymour, "I "am all anxiety."

Mr. Percival then proceeded to inform his liſtening ward that his father had expreſſed a wiſh that their two eſtates, which were not only contiguous, but quite intermixed, might, in proceſs of time, be formed into one, which then, he obſerved, would be the firſt in the county; that, therefore, he had promiſed to his dying friend to give to that daughter whom his ſon ſhould prefer, the eſtate in queſtion, upon his paying to one of the other children a ſtipulated ſum: that the plan thus propoſed ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed the mind of Mr. Seymour, that he would not permit Mr. Percival to reſt till an attorney was ſent for to make a codicil which ſhould bind the young Henry to complete the ſcheme, under the penalty of the detention of the product of his eſtates till his twenty-fifth year. "This "Harry," continued Mr. Percival, holding

ing out a paper, " is a copy of the codicil, " which may be deemed your good father's " *laſt will*, as the ſubject of it was that " which moſt occupied his laſt moments."

" It is with the utmoſt concern ſir," replied Seymour, in a firm tone of voice, after near a minute's ſilence; during which his eyes were ſteadfaſtly fixed upon Mr. Percival—" that I am taught to believe " that my father, whoſe character, circum- " ſtances, as well as nature and duty, have " directed me to regard with reverence, " could have ſunk into ſuch an imbeci- " lity!—could have SANCTIONED [with " peculiar earneſtneſs of voice and manner " he ſpoke the word] ſuch *injuſtice*, as it " reſpects poſterity; and ſuch *cruelty*, as it " particularly refers to an only ſurviving " child, for whoſe happineſs I have under- " ſtood that he always expreſſed almoſt " unwarrantable anxiety."

" It was that very anxiety Harry," anſwered Mr. Percival, endeavoring to retain a placidneſs of manner, " which induced

" your father to comply with—to comply " with, did I ſay! No; to enforce his laſt " fervent wiſhes for your future welfare, " by binding you to purſue your probable " felicity. In this age, young gentleman" [gathering reſolution as he continued his ſpeech], " daughters are ſo educated, that " a careful parent eſteems it a bleſſing if " his child marries into a family which " preſerves itſelf from the contagious vices " which infeſt our riſing generation. Was " it therefore any impeachment of your " father's prudence; foreſight, and pater- " nal regard that he wiſhed to direct your " choice where it was likely that you " ſhould eſcape the wretchedneſs of being " united to a mind corrupted by modern " manners?"

" It is not my intention ſir," anſwered Mr. Seymour, in an almoſt angry tone of voice, " to derogate from the merits of " any individual of your family. Suffice " it to obſerve, that it is not always the " moſt deſerving object who excites that " affection

" affection which ought to precede an " union for life. However worthy Miſs " Percival or Miſs Deborah may be of my " higheſt regard, I am ſenſible of its not " being in my power to offer to either of " them ſuch ſentiments with my hand as " a woman of true delicacy would accept."

" All romance Harry!" returned the guardian, with an attempt at a ſmile. " Such boyiſh ideas are inconſiſtent with " the ſtrength of your judgment. The " terms are—*The choice that has been made* " *for you; or the detention of your eſtate till* " *you ſhall be five and twenty!*"

" Till that period then ſir," ſaid the indignant youth, riſing from his ſeat, " I AM " A BEGGAR. Circumſtances may fetter " my fortune, but not deſtroy the freedom " of my mind. I own no director of my " affection."

He bowed, and was leaving the room, but Mr. Percival deſired him to ſtop: he obeyed, and turning round, ſtood in ſilence.

" You will think better of this matter

" when you are cool Harry," ſaid Mr. Percival, as he roſe from his chair, " or I " have formed too high an opinion of your " underſtanding. Take therefore this copy " of the codicil and peruſe it attentively. " You will there ſee the ſtrength of your " excellent father's reaſon and affection " united, and this may lead you to per- " ceive that there is ſome ſenſe of kindneſs " due to myſelf likewiſe. The advantage, " Mr. Seymour, will not be all on one " ſide."—While he was thus ſpeaking he put the paper into the almoſt paſſive hand of his ward, who continued mute and tranſfixed till his guardian had left the room. Then ſighing deeply, he walked with a ſolemn pace out of the houſe and mounting his horſe, rode ſlowly towards the Aviary. Mr. Percival went immediately to the apartment of his lady, who, with her mother-in-law, was ſitting in anxious expectation of the event of the negociation, which they were ſo ſanguine as to ſuppoſe could not fail of being ſucceſsful. Very great, therefore,

therefore, was their diſappointment upon the report of Mr. Percival, who was himſelf ſo chagrined, that he felt a pleaſure in exaggerating, if that could be done, the determined manner in which Mr. Seymour had declared his nonacceptance of the offered terms. Mrs. Mitchel joined the malcontents, and increaſed, by her forebodings, the vexation of the party. When Miſs Percival was neceſſarily made acquainted with the extinction of her hope, the variety of paſſions with which her breaſt was agitated, overpowered her; ſhe ſunk into the arms of her governeſs, and it was long before ſhe would liſten to any conſoling ſuggeſtions.

Had Miſs Percival really entertained a fervent affection for Mr. Seymour, we ſhould not record the bitterneſs of her diſappointment in ſuch ſtoical language: on the contrary, the tendereſt expreſſions of compaſſion would have accompanied the recital; for in our opinion the human heart cannot, *with innocence*, know a grief more

poignant than that which is occaſioned by the neglect of an object really beloved. Under ſuch an affliction, every proſpect is dark; exiſtence ſeems at a ſtand, and this fair creation, a dreary, diſguſting wilderneſs: the pleaſures that court the tender moments are refuſed with diſdain: no poſſibility is allowed of future comfort, and nothing but that ſolitude which increaſes the ſorrow of the heart, is willingly endured.

As a ſenſe of meriting the grief we ſuffer, is doubtleſs a great aggravation of it, we once ventured to aſſert that a guilty perſon is more to be pitied than an innocent one under the ſame circumſtances; and we affirm, upon the word of our Royalty, that we meant to utter a Chriſtian ſentiment. An endeavor, however, was charitably, though rather unſucceſsfully made, to correct the error of our ideas; for being at that juncture in company with the reverend Mr. Sternhold, he told us that a man for whom we ſuffered our hearts

to

to heave a ſigh, had no juſt title to our compaſſion, as he had brought upon himſelf the heavy load of miſery, under which he groaned. We looked at the reverend gentleman with ſome ſurpriſe, and attempted to exculpate ourſelves by ſaying that we only intended to obſerve, that as innocence is ſuch a ſweet and ſolid alleviator of all a man can ſuffer, we could not but more deeply commiſerate *him* who had deprived himſelf of this truly Divine Comforter. Mr. Sternhold then aſſured us that we were exceſſively wrong, and proceeded to inform us that the doctrine of "An eye for an "eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was much more conſiſtent with the *Juſtice* of the Almighty than that which ſays "If thine "enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirſt, "give him drink," and he declared his intention of explaining to his pariſhioners that miſconſtrued text—"I will have mercy "and not ſacrifice," which he aſſured us ought to be rendered, "*I will have ſacrifice* "*without mercy.*" The Chriſtian preacher

(for ſo he really termed himſelf) finiſhed his inſtructions with ſhowing us that the doctrine of mercy, which the Great Goſpel Teacher had every where ſo much inſiſted upon, had been more injurious to the intereſts of the Church than any other tenet or hereſy which had been broached.

"GOD forgive you ſir," ſaid I as I left the room; but the reverend gentleman refuſed my prayer.

The paſſion which ſwelled the breaſt of Miſs Percival was a compound of pride, vanity, envy, malice and covetouſneſs. That ſhe had a preferable regard for Mr. Seymour, we are ready to acknowledge; but had not his family been noble and his perſon handſome; had ſhe not envied the beauty of Miſs Montague and hated her for poſſeſſing it, and had not Martin's Priory been a large and unencumbered eſtate, the *affection* of the young lady would not have been an obſtinate one. In this caſe ſhe would ſtoically perhaps have contemplated the more uncommon and more valuable

valuable endowments of heart and mind which diſtinguiſhed our favorite Henry and placed him high above the multitude of his ſpecies: but that Harriet Montague ſhould be preferred to herſelf—that the gentleman ſhould be capable of ſeeing her own perfections with indifference, and ſhould diſappoint the expectations which all her family had raiſed, and continued to encourage, was ſuch a ſhock to her pride and ſelf-love that it was not to be endured. We will therefore leave the mourning fair to the care of that only infallible phyſician TIME, and advert to the indignant Henry Seymour; whom our friends will excuſe for having at this juncture more reſentment than philoſophy in his ſentiments.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

A ſelect Company of Anti-moderns.

AS we are in haſte to attend to circumſtances in a diſtant part of the World, we muſt exerciſe anew the imagination of our readers in the buſineſs which occupied our laſt chapter, leaving them to ſuppoſe what kind of converſation paſſed between Mr. Seymour and Mr. Clifford, on their meeting after the recent communication from Mrs. Percival, in the Aviary Park. Mr. Clifford on this occaſion adopted the reſentment of his friend without even attempting to mitigate his anger while it was in its height; a method frequently very injudiciouſly purſued by thoſe who wiſh to calm an agitated breaſt. In earneſt converſe they proceeded to the houſe; where the aſſembled friends were made acquainted with the particulars before

fore related and the copy of the codicil read aloud by Mr. Barker. The aſtoniſhed hearers expreſſed their amazement at the paſt ſilence of Mr. Percival, as well as at the injuſtice of the late Mr. Seymour to his ſon. "But be not under any undue "concern, my dear Harry," ſaid Mr. Spencer. "While I have a home upon "this earth, that home ſhall be your's. "My purſe, likewiſe, ſhall be extended to "ſupply all your wants; and, ſo well am "I acquainted with your mind, that I "heſitate not to ſay, your wiſhes too, till "the proſcribed period ſhall arrive."

Seymour, with tears of more than gratitude ſpringing into his eyes, ſtarted from his ſeat and ſeizing the hand of the philanthropiſt, preſſed it to his breaſt in ſilence; bowed and was retiring to his chair, when Mr. Spencer detaining his hand, continued —"I feel my good young friend, the ſen- "timents of your heart: they are depicted "in your face. Hear me a few words "more, but anſwer me not. Should it be "the

" the Will of Him to whom [let it not
" ſound like oſtentation] it is my ſupreme
" pleaſure to bow with reſignation, to re-
" move me from my preſent ſtate of exiſt-
" ence before you are put into poſſeſſion
" of your eſtate, have confidence in thoſe
" on whom I can with ſafety bid you rely.
" Look around you, my dear boy: there
" is not an individual preſent who will
" not, with pleaſure, ſupply all the ſervices
" which I can offer, when I ſhall be gone."

The face of the venerable ſpeaker ſhone as he ſpoke. The ſcene was affecting. Every one wiſhed to ſay ſomething, but all were ſilent. They could only bow and *look* a confirmation of the good man's aſſertion. Mr. Edward Spencer at length aroſe, and going to his grandfather ſaid, " My dear ſir I thank you for thus anſwer-
" ing for me, amongſt the reſt of our aſ-
" ſembled friends. I hope that I ſhall
" not diſappoint your kind predictions."

" You never *did* diſappoint my predic-
" tions, Edward," returned Mr. Spencer.

" I always

" I always foreſaw that you *would* be what " you *are*. If you fail in the preſent in- " ſtance, you muſt do a violence to your " nature."

A general converſation now enſued, in which every one ſpoke with energy the ſentiments of his mind. Mrs. Spencer warmly coincided with her huſband in aſſuring Mr. Seymour that ſhe could not know a greater pleaſure than that of being permitted to conſider him as one of her family.

" Were I," ſhe ſaid, " capable of envy, " it would I think, reſt upon the woman " who could boaſt of being the mother of " ſuch a ſon."

" Would to Heaven"—ſaid Mrs. George Abington, and ſtopped; then reſuming, added, " yet how can I ſuppreſs a wiſh " that the deſcendant who is to ſucceed " my grandfather reſembled him as much " as Mr. Seymour does; or at leaſt, that " he bore more of his image than Stephen " Percival."

" It

" It is a wiſh my dear Matilda," rejoin-
" ed her huſband, in which every one pre-
" ſent, and indeed all who are acquainted
" with the circumſtances, muſt very cor-
" dially unite."

Miſs Martha Abington, who happened to be that day at the Aviary, rebuked her brother and his lady for their uncharitable innuendoes; adding—that it was " evi-
" dently the intention of Providence the
" Aviary eſtate ſhould paſs to the family
" of her friend Mrs. R. Percival, who had
" been very unjuſtly ſtigmatized for what,
" *charitably ſpeaking*, was only policy and
" prudence."

" *Policy*, and *prudence!*" echoed Mr. Ruſſel. D-v-l-ſh impudence and roguery! " Policy and prudence indeed! Why Mar-
" tha thou art as bad as ſhe, and that is as
" bad as the d-v-l can make thee, if thou
" defendeſt her infamous conduct."

" *Infamous!* Sir," replied Miſs Martha, and was going on when Mr. Abington pre-vented her by ſaying, " Patty I requeſt
" you not to enter upon this ſubject.

" Charity

" Charity is a virtue which I wiſh you to " exerciſe upon ALL occaſions"—[with an emphaſis he ſpoke, as the lady was not particularly eminent for charity to her neighbours in general]—" but in the pre- " ſent inſtance, too much lenity would be a " faulty weakneſs to crimes that ought not " to be patronized."

" Crimes! Sir,"—repeated Miſs Martha, when ſhe was interrupted by her mother, who ſaid—" Indeed child you are too par- " tial to the errors of Mrs. R. Percival. " You know your intimacy with her has " often been a ſource of concern to us all. " I wiſh you would not ſpend ſo much of " your time at the Lodge."

" Indeed madam," returned Miſs Martha, " I think myſelf old enough to chuſe " my acquaintance: but I ſuppoſe my " ſiſter Emily is not fond of the Percivals. " *She*, perhaps has aſked you to prohibit " my viſits to that family."

" Nay, now Patty you are unkind," replied Miſs Abington, a tear ſtarting into her

her eye. " When did I ever breathe a " wiſh to deprive you of any pleaſure con- " ſiſtent with your real happineſs ?"

Matilda and Caroline Spencer, between whom ſhe ſat, ſaw the falling tear and were affected; upon which Caroline, with a quickneſs natural to her, ſaid. " How *can* " you Miſs Martha, ſay any think ſo un- " kind of Miſs Abington ! Pardon me my " dear friends that I take ſo much conſe- " quence upon myſelf as to ſpeak on this " ſubject, but when Miſs Abington ſuffers " I ſuffer likewiſe.

" Who can do otherwiſe ?" ſaid the meeker Matilda. " Miſs Abington's cauſe " is the cauſe of every affectionate heart."

Miſs Martha aroſe and left the room, ſaying, with a curteſy, that ſhe ſhould not ſtay for any ſtronger hints to take her leave; and adding that notwithſtanding the kind advice which had been given to her, ſhe ſhould ſeek that welcome at Beverly Lodge which ſhe found was denied her at Spencer Aviary.

Her

Her departure caſt a cloud over the countenances of her neareſt relations: but it was ſoon diſpellled, as her conduct was too often ſimilar to what ſhe now exhibited, to permit their being either ſurpriſed or laſtingly concerned by its unpleaſantneſs. As ſoon as the door cloſed after her, the buſineſs reſpecting the codicil of Mr. Seymour's father was reſumed. Mr. Ruſſel, who had propoſed the meaſure of Henry's chuſing another guardian, was informed by Mr. Barker who had attentively peruſed the will, that the ſtep would be ineffectual, as the teſtator had abſolutely conſtituted Mr. Percival, not only the ſole guardian to his ſon, but an abſolute TRUSTEE to the whole eſtate; that Henry's choice therefore of a guardian could only give a friend the right of protecting his perſon "And *that* right," continued Mr. Barker, "we all agree in "thinking cannot be conſigned to a more "proper individual than himſelf."

"You ſay true, my good friend," replied Mr. Spencer, "with reſpect to protection "from

" from perſonal injury, but the choice of " a new guardian for the remaining term " of his minority may lay ſome reſtraint on " the arbitrary deſigns of Mr. Percival, " who I am grieved to think will not ſtop " at trifling oppoſitions to what now ap- " pears to be his determined plan."

Mr. Barker was convinced that Mr. Spencer judged properly, and Mr. Seymour, with a face glowing as he ſpoke, ſaid to the venerable man—" If I might be allowed to " name you Sir as my protector, I ſhould " have hope that Mr. Percival would deſiſt " from undue proceedings. The bare no- " mination would ſtrike him with too much " awe to permit his purſuit of any unwar- " rantable project."

" Do you conſider, my dear child," re- plied the Patriarch, " the nature of your " requeſt? Do you recollect that you are " talking to an old man whoſe term of " life is expiring, and who hopes ere long " to—"

" Dear ſir!" ſaid Lucy, interrupting him,

him, " do not hold ſuch a melancholy " picture to our view. Your preſence is " the life of your children ; let us enjoy " it while we may, without anticipating " the diſmal proſpect of our deprivation."

Clifford was inſtantly by the ſide of his Lucy. He enforced her requeſt and added— " Permit me my venerable friend, to " number myſelf amongſt your children, " and let me urge our Seymour's being " made happy by your particular pro- " tection."

Mr. Spencer was affected by the reverence paid to him by all around. His eyes were moiſtened by paternal pleaſure, and taking a hand from Lucy he put it into one of Clifford's and preſſing them between his own, ſaid, " You *are* amongſt the num- " ber of my deareſt children. May the " bleſſing of Heaven attend your union !" He could ſay no more, but ſmiling benignly on the attentive circle, withdrew to his own adjoining cloſet. Lucy dropped

her

her head on the ſhoulder of Clifford, who whiſpered an earneſt entreaty that ſhe would not, longer than circumſtances rendered it neceſſary, preclude him from her grandfather's benediction. In a ſhort time Mr. Spencer returned to the company, and the remainder of the day was ſpent in that peculiar happineſs which ſuch congenial minds were calculated to enjoy; cheerfulneſs, and even mirth, ſoon regaining that place which, for a period, had been given to the more affecting preſence of tender ſenſibility.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

The Scheme of the meditated Entré into Spencer Aviary.

THE laſt chapter introduced our readers to a converſation in which ſeveral of our favorites bore ſome part. Previous to the long leave which neceſſity obliges us take of the Aviary, we are deſirous of giving every one an opportunity of delivering his opinion in his own words, though our ſcanty portion of time hardly allowed us to execute our wiſhes.

Mr. Spencer is now the choſen and declared guardian of Henry Seymour; and Mr. Percival is alarmed by the tranſaction.

Mr. Ruſſel, deputed by Mr. Spencer, inveſtigates the legality of the late Mr. Seymour's diſpoſitions, and finds, that though he had been induced, or, as ſome circumſtances almoſt demonſtrated, had been

compelled

compelled in his lateſt moments, to put his ſignature to the prepared codicil of Mr. Percival's directing, he had no power to fix any limitations on his ſon's poſſeſſion of the property after his attainment of his twenty-ſecond year; a term mentioned by the firſt entailer, a great maternal uncle, who having been enticed, on his entering on his fortune, to marry an artful woman with whom he lived a very miſerable life, was determined to give his ſucceſſors another year's chance for acquiring wiſdom before they could legally ſign their own ruin. The deeds of the entail had been carefully kept by Mr. Percival from the peruſal of Henry Seymour, who was ſo young when his father died that he had no other knowledge of his own affairs than what his guardian choſe to communicate. For a conſiderable time Mr. Percival continued obſtinate and refuſed to come to any explanation with his ward's new protector; but finding that the tide of circumſtances ran too ſtrongly againſt him, he at length thought

thought it proper to make a ſeeming merit of neceſſity, and lay every thing open to Mr. Ruſſel's inveſtigation. His conduct, as he pretended, had proceeded from a pious intention to perform a promiſe extorted from him by his dying friend, of endeavoring to ſecure the young Henry from making an improper choice by connecting him in early life with one of his own daughters, and that he had not thought it right to inform the young gentleman of the full extent of his own power, till he had effected the wiſhes of his careful parent.

Mr. Ruſſel was deſirous to purſue a farther detection of Mr. Percival's intereſted and reproachable conduct; but as Mr. Spencer, who wiſhed to preſerve, at leaſt the appearance of family amity, requeſted that this Gentleman might be let off as eaſily as was conſiſtent with a due regard to rectitude, Mr. Ruſſel, after ſetting in his own view the reprehenſibleneſs of his proceedings, told him that if he would conſent to make Mr. Seymour a

genteel allowance, no public notice ſhould be taken of the affair. Inſtead of acknowledging himſelf obliged by the propoſal, Mr. Percival's ſenſe of his own degradation made him ſullen. Aſſuming an haughty air, he ſaid that he neither would nor could increaſe the annual ſum allotted for the young man's minority. Injudicious as his conduct had been, Mr. Percival was determined to prove himſelf a faithful ſteward for him. What he had hitherto received, ſhould ſtill be paid to him, and as he had thought proper to chuſe himſelf a *better* guardian, he might ſpend his allowance in any part of Great Britain, but he muſt on no account leave the Iſland, his father's diſlike to a foreign education having been mentioned in his will.

As Mr. Percival's power could not be ſuperſeded, the gentlemen ſeparated, greatly diſſatisfied with each other; Mr. Ruſſel determining to furniſh Mr. Seymour with whatever money he wanted till he ſhould become poſſeſſed of his eſtate, and Mr. Percival

Percival reſolving to make the whole vicinity feel the effect of his influence when his ſon ſhould be Lord of Beverly. As he left the room, he muttered ſomething reſpecting his vexation at the ſoundneſs of the *old man's* conſtitution, but at the ſame time intimated that by the protraction of the life of Mr. Spencer, even *he* would be made ſenſible of the power and conſequence of himſelf and his family.

Spencer Aviary was now to be the reſidence of both Mr. Seymour and Mr. Barker during the periods of their univerſity vacation. Circumſtances were ſoon arranged; and the young gentlemen returned to College, where the ſame apparent unity prevailed amongſt them as formely. The prudence of Mr. Barker; the ſweetneſs of Seymour's diſpoſition; the urbanity of Clifford; the hypocriſy of Stephen; the ſubtle acquieſcence of Robert, and the real good humor of George, all conſpired to prevent any apparent animoſity from ſevering the Beverly ſtudents. It was not, in-

deed, poſſible that ſuch ſentiments as poſſeſſed the minds of the two elder Percivals, could intimately or cordially unite with thoſe which influenced the reſt of the party, which were compoſed of materials the moſt rare and ornamental in our nature.

Clifford, in proceſs of time found himſelf in a happy independency by the death of the relation mentioned in our firſt account of him. But neither he nor Mr. Ruſſel, nor any of his Beverly friends, could prevail on Seymour to accept of an increaſe of income. He knew that if he ſhould die in his minority, the debt would remain unpaid, and this conſideration made him reſolute in his rejection of any offer of this kind, greatly deſirous as he was to make a foreign tour, and much as thoſe who were intereſted in his happineſs wiſhed him, for a period, to leave the kingdom. To this wiſh his friends were induced by the belief that a change of ſcene would aſſiſt in obliterating from his remembrance the lamented Harriet Montague, whoſe image

continued

continued to obtrude, as they were ſenſible, on all his retirements, with unabated livelineſs. Of this, indeed, they were well convinced, though the vivacity of his diſpoſition and manners prevented an ordinary acquaintance from any ſuſpicion of ſuch a ſecret attachment. In all parties of pleaſure Clifford and Seymour ſtood foremoſt, and enlivened the reſt of the company. Henry, in particular, yielded to diſſipation more than a rigid tutor would have approved: but Mr. Barker who ſtill continued with the young gentlemen as an adviſing friend (their public preceptor being a Fellow of the College in which they were entered) was far from diſcouraging theſe indulgences, convinced that they would not be carried beyond due bounds, and hoping that a diverſity of objects would aſſiſt in liberating the too ſtrongly fixed affection of his favorite pupil. Stephen Percival, who was not received with thoſe ſmiles which never failed to welcome the arrival of Seymour and Clifford, often in-

limated to Mr. Barker the impropriety of ſuch a conduct, and when he found that he could not prevail with that gentleman to adviſe Henry to be what he called more circumſpect, objected the example and encouragement it gave to his brothers to relax from the neceſſary auſterity of a College reſidence, where learning, he ſaid, ought to be the only object in view. Robert, indeed, he hoped would not be contaminated, but the opinion and attachment of the more giddy George, might lead him to approve and follow whatever was taught him by Mr. Seymour. In oppoſition, however, to all the ſophiſtry of Mr. Stephen Perceval, Mr. Barker perſiſted in giving to Henry all the liberty which his bias led him to take; and without any alteration of plan the ſtudents continued at Cambridge till nearly the time at which Mr. Perceval's guardianſhip was to expire, and at which it was deemed neceſſary for Mr. Stephen to make preparations for taking poſſeſſion of the nobleſt eſtate in the country, together with

with the hand of the opulent heireſs of BULLION BOWER.

When the gentlemen returned to Beverly, they were ſeverally received with lively expreſſions of joy by their expecting friends; allayed, however, on the part of Mrs. R. Percival by her obſerving that her ſon Stephen, on whom all her happineſs depended, looked pale and drooping. Miſs Bullion too was alarmed at his appearance, for though Robert was the next hope of both, yet to both, *another* twelvemonth ſeemed an *Age* to wait for the completion of their wiſhes. But their conſolers ſmoothed the appearance of danger by repreſenting that in a very few months, poſſeſſion would be taken of the eſtate and the marriage ſolemnized; that immediately on theſe *Lord Beverly* would be empowered to diſpoſe of all the property, and that then there could be no doubt that his widow and his neareſt relations would be the peculiar objects of his care. On theſe ſuggeſtions the ladies endeavoring to baniſh

their fears, began to prepare the moſt ſumptuous attire that could be procured, and made ſuch ſplendid arrangements for the *ſurperbe entrée*, which was fixed on the day after Mr. Stephen's birth day, that nothing elſe was talked of in the vicinity. Six coaches with ſix horſes to each; double the number of chariots, with chaiſes, phaetons and various fancy carriages, attended by multitudes of gentlemen on horſeback, and a profuſion of ſervants in the richeſt liveries, were to iſſue from the gates of Beverly Lodge, on the impatiently expected morning of the ſeventeenth of June. Every gentleman's family in the ſurrounding country was invited to increaſe the grand *cortege*: indeed no excuſe was admitted for the non-acceptance of the invitation. The bells in all the neighboring ſteeples were to be in motion, and ſeveral bands of muſic were beſpoke to attend the proceſſion; which was to move ſlowly, that the foot-people, who it was expected would appears in myriads, might keep up

with

with this raree-ſhow. The young women in the village were to be provided with white dreſſes, and to carry baſkets of flowers to be ſtrewn before the company upon their alighting from the upper avenue in the park at Spencer Aviary. From this place, as no doubt was entertained of the fineneſs of the day, the party were to walk to the houſe. On their arrival at the manſion the marriage ceremony was to be performed by the Biſhop of the Dioceſe, who was to go in the ſtate coach with Mrs. R. Percival and the bride and bridegroom. A great number of canopies were to be erected in the park, under which, it was deſigned that tables ſhould be ſpread with a profuſion of proviſions for all the neighborhood; and to diſplay the immenſity of the eſtate, it was intended that the tenants ſhould dine before the front windows. In the evening, the houſe and gardens were to be illuminated, and muſic was to attune its notes in every quarter for the dancers, both within and without.

An endeavor to deſcribe the repaſt deſigned for the grand viſitants, would be ridiculous, as nothing but the higheſt raiſed imagination can form any idea of it. The pen of even Sir Charles Morell would have found ſufficient employment in the deſcription. There was not one quarter of the Globe left unranſacked on this occaſion, nor was the greateſt expenſe ſpared to make the ſlighteſt addition which was ſuggeſted by the fancy of any of thoſe who were admitted to the conſultation. As it was neceſſary that ſome of theſe deſigns ſhould be forwarded previous to the period in which they were to be exhibited, it was likewiſe requiſite that leave ſhould be aſked of Mr. Spencer for the artificers to enter the park for the purpoſe of raiſing tents, canopies, &c. On this account it was in debate whether a ſlight, but formal invitation ought not to be given to the inhabitants of the Aviary to ſtay and partake of the entertainment; though it would be a matter of abſolute indifference whether or

not

not that invitation was accepted, as their abſence or their preſence would ſupply the exulting Percivals with an equal occaſion of triumph.

But gentle reader! we cannot purſue a ſubject which it irritates us to contemplate. We cannot unmoved behold even in idea what the Percivals termed the diſgrace of Mr. Spencer.

The diſgrace of a GOOD MAN! The words are incompatible with each other. *A Good Man!* my good friends! cannot be diſgraced. Clouded—eclipſed—he may be for a time; but diſgrace can only be faſtened on thoſe who wilfully offend their GOD, or—which is an expreſſion ſynonymous—depreſs and injure their fellow-mortals!!!

CHAP. LXXXIX.

An aërial Tour without a Balloon—and a Letter.

IN our laſt chapter we reſided in the dominions of the King of Great Britain; a Monarch whoſe ſocial virtues muſt endear him to every lover of humanity, and whoſe conduct renders him a proper example for every huſband; father and friend within his own territories. We are now wafted to the fraternal ſhores of Pennſylvania; landed in the city of Philadelphia, and fixed in the houſe of Mrs. Montgomery, a widow who lets lodgings in Front Street, oppoſite to the beautiful Province of New Jerſey; which lies immediately on the oppoſite bank of the ſpacious River Delaware.

Mrs. Montgomery was an amiable, worthy and unfortunate woman. Did not circumſtances preſs upon our leiſure, we would

would wound the hearts of our readers of ſenſibility with an account of her merits and misfortunes: but engaged as we are, we muſt forego the relation of them.

In the pleaſant apartments of this gentlewoman—apartments in which we have ſpent many agreeable hours—we are now to ſuppoſe that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, with their three daughters, and our lovely and beloved Harriet Montague, are comfortably eſtabliſhed: and if our readers are not glad to be brought again into the ſociety of theſe perſons, whom we ſo ſtrongly patronize, we muſt declare our decided diſapprobation of their taſte, and we ſhall not heſitate to diſclaim their pretended allegiance.

There are in this foggy Iſland—an Iſland, by the bye, as well calculated for the practice of every virtue and the enjoyment of every happineſs, as any tract of land between the Poles, from the firſt to the hundred and eightieth degree of eaſt or weſt longitude from the meridian of London Bridge—there are, I aſſert, in this foggy

Iſland,

Iſland, ſome ſtrange, vacant faces of clay, united to ſolid heads, in which no brain ever worked; and to hollow hearts which no affection ever warmed, that can read of—nay could have *ſeen* Miss Montague, without any other emotion than that with which they contemplate one of the finely carved buſts which ornament the ſaloon of Lord Elmwood.

"It is very beautiful indeed!"—would they exclaim in echo to the obſervation of ſome one capable of forming an opinion of his own, whether it was the head of Oliver Cromwell or the face of a Miſs Montague that came under their inveſtigation; but if a greater perſonage ſhould happen immediately after to find any fault with either the Uſurper or the Venus, one of the ſame ſpeaking ſtatutes would reply—"I perfectly agree with you my lord; I cannot, I own, ſee any beauty in it"—That Miſs Montague would not have been looked upon with approbation by ſuch a being, is certain, becauſe Miſs Montague was not *rich*, a circumſtance which would ſink the fineſt

fineſt features and the moſt eſtimable qualities to a level below the notice of theſe Knights of the ſtupid order; whereas a certain quantity of the ſhining ore would make the moſt homely face glitter in their eyes, and brighten the underſtanding of an idiot. Nor can ſuch a ſtandard of eſtimation, with ſuch a claſs of the human race, be a juſt ſubject of wonder. Conſcious that the gold which they poſſeſs conſtitutes their only ſuperiority, they grow impenetrable to the ſenſe of merit drawn from any other poſſeſſion in the Univerſe.

The hoſpitality our ſojourners experienced from the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia, abated the irkſomeneſs which the neceſſarily protracted time of their abode in that city would otherwiſe have occaſioned. Mr. Herbert found it to the advantage of the firm to continue there much longer than he had intended: and though Mrs. Herbert ſighed to return to England, ſhe was too wiſe and too good to increaſe her huſband's uneaſineſs, by any ardently expreſſed deſire for a removal.

Our

Our Harriet, reſpecting preſent circumſtances only, was happily ſituated, as the high opinion her new friends entertained of her, led them to treat her with the greateſt reſpect, while their affection, every day increaſed by an increaſed ſenſe of her merit, found a ſolace in her company which greatly overpaid, in their eſtimation, all the ſervices that they were empowered to render her. The frequent abſence of Mr. Herbert, ſometimes for months together, in both the ſouthern and northern parts of the weſtern Continent, would have been almoſt intolerable to his lady had not Harriet been with her; for though they were ſoon known and greatly eſteemed by many very reſpectable families in Philadelphia, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, yet it was not from amuſement that ſhe could extract conſolation. Sympathy and the pure balm of friendſhip only could ſoften the hours of anxious expectation, which, ſo fervent was her regard for her benefactor and protector, were almoſt as ſevere to the grateful Harriet as to Mrs. Herbert.

Amongſt

Amongſt the families which particularly diſtinguiſhed our friends, thoſe of Mr. Bond and Mr. John Warder ſtood foremoſt. The firſt gentleman was then Deputy Conſul; but is now Conſul General for the middle and ſouthern States of North America. The other is a very reſpectable merchant; a man of the higheſt integrity; who carrying over to Philadelphia a very agreeable lady whom he married from Ipſwich, was peculiarly ſedulous to cultivate the acquaintance of reſpectable Engliſh people. Theſe laſt mentioned hoſpitable Americans, if the lady can juſtly be termed one, were of the ſect of Quakers—a ſect more eminently remarked for acts of philanthropy and beneficence than any other under Heaven.

Our good orthodox readers are now all in alarm at the outrage of this aſſertion, and we are ſet down as enemies to the ſacred rites of the Chriſtian Religon. But ſoftly my dear zealous friends! do not let your charity be ran away with by the warmth of your perſuaſion. Quakers are

Chriſtians

Chriſtians as well as you, and Chriſtians, let me tell you, of the pureſt kind; but as you are exceedingly angry with us for our lenity, we will, to appeaſe you, acknowledge that there are in this flock, as in all others, many ſpeckled ſheep. We aſſert only that the *principles* of theſe people, however much ſome of their profeſſors may tarniſh them, are unadulterated, pure Chriſtianity.

With Mr. and Mrs. Warder and numerous branches of their family; Mr. Mrs. and the Miſſes Bond; the amiable Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Williams her very worthy aunt; Miſs Hawkins her ſiſter, and Mr. Kenſey, a facetious fellow-lodger, did Mrs. Herbert and Miſs Montague ſometimes lighten the heavy hours of Mr. Herbert's occaſional abſence, for the ſpace of more than two years, during which time the gentleman was obliged to go again to the Weſt Indies. This circumſtance was a ſevere piece of fortune; but his expeditious return, once more gilded the ſcene, and

after

after various perplexities, their voyage to England was fixed for the enſuing October.

When Mr. Herbert was laſt in Jamaica, he was greatly alarmed by the altered appearance of the worthy Mr. Cumberland, who ſeemed haſtening to diſſolution: an event of which he was himſelf perfectly ſenſible, but of which he had hitherto forborne to afflict his friend with the communication. He now however imparted his conviction of his approaching departure to Mr. Herbert, and adviſed him to ſelect ſome perſon upon whoſe integrity he could rely, for the ſupplying the vacant ſituation, it being abſolutely neceſſary that there ſhould be one partner conſtantly reſident at Port Paſſage. Mr. Herbert was extremely grieved at the proſpect of loſing this eſtimable friend; but Mr. Cumberland reaſoned ſo forcibly and indeed ſo pleaſantly about a removal from this world to the next, that Mr. Herbert could not refuſe his aſſent to his arguments, or reject the conſolation, which they offered.

"I am," ſaid Mr. Cumberland, "ſum-

"moned

" moned at an earlier period than from
" the apparent ſoundneſs of my conſtitu-
" tion might have been expected. But to
" what am I ſummoned? Not to another
" life of toil and vexation. Not to ano-
" ther land of fatigue and continual diſ-
" appointment, but to a region of unruf-
" fled—unfading felicity! Think not that
" I ſpeak from one boaſting—one pre-
" ſuming principle. On the contrary, I
" know, I feel, I confeſs that I have neg-
" lected and abuſed the mercies of my
" GOD, and that if I had my deſerts, my
" portion would be wretchedneſs. It is
" not ſufficient to plead my being left at
" an early age to the bias of my own too
" vivacious inclination. I always knew
" what was rectitude and what was error.
" I was always conſcious that there was a
" ſecret, whiſpering monitor fixed in the
" awful receſſes of my heart, whoſe voice,
" when I ſtifled it not, told me in the moſt
" friendly language, the path to duty and
" to bliſs. For a ſeries of years I inſulted
" this truly Celeſtial Guide. I perſuaded

" myſelf

" myſelf that the voice was the voice of
" ſuperſtition; but He who preſided over
" this Inſtructor, at length ſoftened my
" mind to attend to His dictates. As
" from a deep and dangerous ſleep, I at
" once ſeemed to be awakened, and ſtood
" aſtoniſhed at the unwearied care with
" which I was now conſcious that the
" Almighty Father of the human race had
" watched over me—over *me*, an unde-
" ſerving individual who was utterly un-
" worthy of His love. The awakening
" impulſe was ſo ſtrong that it convinced
" me my ſalvation was a ſubject of import-
" ance in the eyes of Heaven. I ſaw the
" watch that had been ſet over me. I ſaw
" the precipices on which I had ſtood;
" the dangers from which I had been reſ-
" cued, and was perfectly ſenſible that the
" bliſs of futurity was ſtill, not only offered
" to my choice, but enforced upon my
" acceptance. The criſis was important.
" I reſolved to endeavor to free myſelf
" from the ſhackles of pleaſure; from the
" incitements of a life of diſſipation: and to
" purſue

" purſue the reſolution when it was once " formed, was beyond my imagination " eaſy and pleaſant. I am not yet ſixty, " and yet I have outlived every relation of " whom I had ever any knowledge. As " you therefore muſt have the trouble of " executing ſome of my laſt wiſhes, and " as your preſence in England will be ab- " ſolutely neceſſary, I feel a peculiar an- " xiety for your eſtabliſhing, without delay, " ſome worthy partner in our firm; and " from what I have heard you ſay of your " brother Frank, I cannot but think that " he would be a very eligible perſon for " the appointment."

And now my gay and critical readers, what have ye to ſay to the above oration of Mr. Cumberland's?

Was he a Methodiſt; or a Quaker; or a Preſbyterian; or a Mahometan; or what! An orthodox member of the Church of England he *cannot* be; for though his ſentiments are conformable to the tenets of that church, they are rather oppoſite to the opinion and practice of many of its preſent

ſent members. The fact is, that Mr. Cumberland's father was an old-faſhioned preacher of the Goſpel of Chriſt. He believed what he delivered from the pulpit, and his life was in harmony with his doctrines. Mr. Cumberland, therefore, who had imbibed his father's precepts, and had never loſt ſight of his faith, notwithſtanding the deviation of his practice, was a profeſſed and ſincere member of the Church of this kingdom, though not perhaps a ſtrict obſerver of all its forms, nor a zealous advocate for every ceremonial precept.

CHAP. XC.

What the Reader pleaſes.

THE ſentiments of Mr. Cumberland deeply affected Mr. Herbert, the two gentlemen having lived upon terms of the greateſt cordiality ever ſince the name of the laſt mentioned had been added to the firm.

firm. It was some time before Mr. Herbert could make any reply; but at length he subdued his emotion, and assuring his friend that the strictest attention should be paid to every injunction, whether written or only verbal, he thankfully accepted of the nomination of his brother, to whom he said, that the offer would be very acceptable. Mr. Herbert accordingly wrote without delay to his father; and Frank arrived at Jamaica in sufficient time to secure, by the regularity of his conduct, the confidence of Mr. Cumberland before that gentleman received the summons of departure, which, for a length of time he had expected with peculiar resignation.

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